

ZION'S HERALD

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, for the New England Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 19, 1872.

Established January, 1873.
Volume—49 No. 35.

Love is the root of obedience. Obedience is the expression of love, its outward manifestation; the law and prophets are recapitulated in "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." This gives to it all the worth and value it may possess. No action is good or commendable which does not spring from love; our acts of worship and service are not accepted of God if they have no regard to Him.

To some extent the power of habit in moral training, and a regard for reputation may produce conformity to a conventional morality, a propriety of conduct and life. But faith in Christ as your Saviour brings deliverance from the burden of sin; trust in Him for pardon and renewing grace, and love to Him as your personal Redeemer, alone have power to produce in you true obedience to the exceeding broad command of Heaven.

Love is incomparably more efficient than any other principle to effect obedience. Fear may drive you to perform some duties, as in time of danger the affrighted mariner will pray for mercy, and vow but to forget it when the storm is over. Hope may lead you to some others; but love will make your willing feet, in swift obedience, move to please God in every act.

Love knows no burdens. The mother does not find it a burden to watch the sick child in her arms. She spares no toil nor care nor effort for its recovery and comfort. What to her are sleepless nights, and constant attention while the little sufferer needs it? Her life is bound up in the child, her heart yearns over it, her love is undying while the little one breathes. Love to Christ, as the ruling principle of the heart, will regulate your whole life. You will find delight in the will of God, in performing His commands. How much has the Saviour done for you? He has loved you with more than a mother's love. Did he not lay down His life for you? Has He not taken away your sins? Gratitude to Him having forgiven much, attachment to Him, delight in His character and in His gracious presence, ardent desire to be like Him and please Him, will constrain your soul, impel your mind to think of Him, and bring your will into conformity with His. You will indeed know that His commands are not grievous, and they will be cheerfully, heartily performed.

We are sorry to give so much pain to many of our readers in the vicinity of the city, as we must by assuring them of their great loss in not accompanying the young theologians of the Boston University upon their excursion last Thursday to Plymouth. The appearance of rain in the morning, doubtless, induced many to give up the trip, and they will read of their loss with regret. As it was, a company of one hundred and sixty-five, pleasantly diversified with ministers and laymen, young and venerable, ladies and gentlemen, under-graduates of the Seminary, graduates and Alumni, filled three cars upon the Old Colony Railroad, and at nine o'clock A. M., upon a special train, rushed to their destination. The thirty-seven miles through smiling villages and somewhat barren plains and scrubby forests—the inhospitable shore that welcomed the Pilgrims, and by its stony discipline, developed all the royal manhood within them—were soon passed over; the time being beguiled of all tediousness by genial conversation, quickened wit, and delightful singing.

We cannot say, in the few words to which our record is limited, how much the whole happy company became indebted to Major Morissey, who has been Sergeant-at-Arms of the General Court now for as many years as an ordinary memory extends back, and who illustrated by his unwearied politeness and thoughtful attentions in pointing out scenes of interest, the reason why he has been so long annually elected to his present

position; and also to Hon. Thomas Loring, Collector of Plymouth, for his familiar and full description of the various localities visited, and falling within the angle of vision from Burial Hill. We mention also with fraternal respect, our brother of the press, Mr. W. W. Avery, editor of the *Old Colony Memorial*, an active member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Plymouth, who while proffering constant personal service, had every appearance of realizing the Saviour's saying, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Having deposited their incumbrances at the admirable Samoset House, the visit to which will be ever memorable for its most excellent dinner, exhausting even a highly-cultivated appetite, the company marched to the memorable "Rock." The small surface that now stands exposed is covered by an imposing monumental tomb, in the top of which lie deposited some of the bones of the earliest dead of the first Pilgrim company. The exercises here were very interesting. The singing, led by Rev. A. Gould (one of the hymns being most appropriately "Rock of Ages"), was very inspiring, and the prayer, by Rev. Mr. Cushman, of the New Hampshire Conference, brought all into spiritual harmony with the associations of the occasion. The addresses, happily called out by Rev. Joseph Scott, by Dr. Warren, Rev. Mark Trafton, Dr. H. B. Ridgeway, of New York, and Dr. Clark, of Boston District, were singularly appropriate and eloquent. Dr. Warren very pleasantly connected the rock with the theological school, by referring to the fact that a piece of it entered into the foundation of Bromfield Street Church, where the institution was born and organized. He claimed, by legitimate inheritance, a filial part in the honor of descent from such sires; but how the sturdy old Calvinists would have been moved if they had dreamed that a body of religious professors accepting the Dutch interpretation of the doctrines of grace, would, in the future, sing spiritual songs over their most sacred places, even over their graves, and claim to be their legitimate spiritual children besides! It was enough to cause them to turn in their tri-centennial tombs.

The "breaking waves" did not "dash high" around the primitive wharfs and the sandy shore, last Wednesday. The rocks were not icy, and there was no snow to be seen save in the thrilling paintings hanging in Memorial Hall; but those that were there for the first time realized, as never before, the heroic faith and piety of those godly and stalwart men, whose shallop first touched this rock. Burial Hill, overlooking the town, which is both old and new, overlooking the sea, which is neither old nor new, overlooking the island near which the Mayflower first anchored, overlooking Marshfield where the dust of the great disappointed Massachusetts Senator sleeps, the town of Duxbury, and many other points of interest, with its own crumbling stones dating back to 1782, and with depressed hollows rather than hillocks over the dead, was fully discussed, as was also Memorial Hall, with its ancient relics; its flax-wheel, gubernatorial chair, venerable books, autographs of pilgrims, and Indian chiefs, and its admirable paintings.

The fine Court-House was open to inspection, and the ancient records of Plymouth Colony were disclosed and explained by Mr. Danforth, the polite Register of Deeds.

Scarcely wearied, full of high thoughts and profound convictions of God in history, the delighted company gathered within their cars at 3 o'clock P. M., and were whirled back to the city amid mutual congratulations and melodious songs. One result of the excursion doubtless will be a capital lyceum lecture by Rev. Mark Trafton, on the Pilgrims, a taste of which was given in his speech on Plymouth Rock, and was one of his finest extemporaneous efforts.

Certain irrepressible brethren made a political canvass of the company during the trip back. They found

every vote but four to be for Grant. Three were for Mr. Greeley. Two of these were Irishmen who were accidentally upon the train; one was a lady who voted for him out of pity, fearing he might not have another. The handsome and reverend publisher of the *Prohibition Herald* stiffly voted alone for Mr. Black, but he looked as if he was sorry to do it. So the singing and joyful Methodists left ancient Plymouth to its quiet watch over the sacred deposits it holds, and returned to busy life, and to consecrated services.

The whole affair was ably and generously managed by Rev. Messrs. Joseph Scott, Charles Young, J. R. Andrews, of New Jersey, James Mudge, J. W. Hamilton and C. U. Dunning.

The commencement services of the School of Theology of Boston University were held, according to announcement, last Wednesday, in Bromfield Street Church. In the morning, at 9 o'clock, a very animated love-feast was enjoyed in the chapel of the school. A good audience gathered in the church, at 2 1-2 o'clock. After prayer, by Dr. L. D. Barrows, Dr. Warren made an interesting and encouraging report of the advancement of the school for the previous five years, and of its present encouraging condition. But three of the graduating class delivered addresses—Eben Tirrell, jr., "Preparation for the Christian Ministry;" Wilbur F. Crafts, "The Pulpit;" and Henry A. Starks, "The Reward." These addresses were particularly manly, clear in their presentation of the truths considered, well argued and illustrated; they were delivered with more than usual ease and gracefulness of address, and were marked by no unpleasant mannerisms. The whole performance was highly creditable to the school represented, and full of promise for the young ministers. The following brethren compose the class, and received their diplomas: Charles B. Armstrong, Andrew W. Baird, jr., Romanzo R. Bruce, Alonzo M. Bullock, John G. Campbell, Wilbur F. Crafts, Elisha M. Dunham, Joshua Gill, Warren B. Osgood, Nathan F. Peery, Lyman E. Rockwell, Henry A. Starks, Eben Tirrell, jr., John E. Williams. The whole class, with the exception of one who is an invalid, has already entered upon the work of the ministry in appointed fields under the authorities of the Church.

The Baccalaureate Sermon, by Rev. I. G. Bidwell, of Worcester, was one of rare merit, delivered with great force and animation, although the speaker was evidently suffering from a severe cold. We shall give this address in full to our readers, so that we need not characterize it, only as a vigorous portrayal of two elements of success in the ministry of the present day—a clear conception and presentation of religion as a well-defined Christian science, and a full embodiment of it in the character and life of the preacher. The whole discourse bristled with sharp points, which were greatly enjoyed by the audience.

Dr. M. C. Briggs, now of Evanston, Ill., was to have spoken before the Alumni in the evening, and but delayed by a failure in railroad connections. His place was pleasantly filled by extemporaneous speeches from the Alumni themselves. He, however, reached the city during the evening, and on Thursday evening delivered his discourse in Bromfield Street Church, before a fine audience. It was an eloquent, rapid, earnest, rousing appeal, awakening much interest and religious emotion, upon Consecration—of money and men.

The Theological School opened on Friday its regular recitations, with a large proportion of the students in their classes. Some thirty have signified their intention of joining, or have already entered the new class. The quarter centennial certainly opens full of promise for important the School and for the University of which it is so branch.

Original and Selected Papers.

MY HOLIDAY.

BY SIMMON TUCKER CLARK.

Old crane Cure had held me fast,
I had minded all her whims,
But I broke her toils at last,
Stealthily sleep had bound her limbs;
And her tongue, that nights together
Through the sultry summer weather
Would not let me take my rest,
Now was still, and I was blest!

Gently rising from my bed,
While the morning star yet shone,
For the first time since we wed,
I left Care asleep alone;
And I sought a forest olden
Where the mists and the sun's golden
Could not enter, if they dare,
Even with their auntlike glare!

Ancient trees, with limbs across,
Wood, like lovers, arm in arm,
Shading beds of fragrant moss,
Soft as down and sweet as balm;
Nature never even bringing
To the birds a thought of singing,
But each feathered nest and breast,
Filled to fullness with sweet rest!

How my hurried heart was hushed
As the cool green wrapped my form;
And my blood, once only, flushed
Cheek and forehead red and warm,
When I saw, in mingled glory,
Far surpassing song or story,
Softest lily, faintest rose,
On the fair face of Repose!

I had found the chosen dell
Where she whiled the hours away,
Robed in dreams; nor could I tell
Was her mould of mortal clay
Or angelic, pure and holy,
Sent to bless the poor and lowly,
With an earnest of that rest
Heaven has promised to the blest.

Silence sweet had kisses pressed
On her lips, her lids, her hair;
But I fancied that her breast,
Trembled in the drowsy air;
Fancied, as a lover weeping
By his darling dead, and keeping
Watch and ward with curious ken,
Fancies, that she breathes again.

O! but she was fair as light!
And more tranquil far than fair!
Sure it was a goodly sight,
Rest and beauty blending there,
As if words, the gracious Master
Uttered once, mid storm-disaster,
Were a soul, that form to fill —
An incarnate, "Peace-be-still!"

Worshipping, my heart grew bold,
And I touched her garment's hem;
Perfect rest, before untold,
Filled my soul; I envied them
Only, who their faith confessing,
Once among the throng were pressing
HIM, who still the pathway shows
Where is found divine Repose.

When my name — a shrill harsh sound —
Rang out on the evening air;
Quick, Repose fled with a bound,
And beside me, frowning Care
Stood, and pointed with her finger
Where an impress seemed to linger —
Graceful form, and dulcet head,
Pictured on that mossy bed!

LOCKPORT, N. Y.

FEATHERS DROPPED FROM A FLYING WING.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

GITCHEE GUMEE.

We are always telling how much more musical is the Indian name than the English. Does that sound very melodious? Is not Lake Superior a superior title? But being among the Indians, after a sort, let us adopt their nomenclature, and call this Big-Sea-Water, not after its well-rendered Latinized English, but after its Ojibeway jibber, Gitchee Gumee.

After losing two days at the Sault Ste. Marie to keep one, and making much by the loss and the observances, on Monday afternoon, the Keweenaw (pronounced, remember, with a "v"), came smoking up the bay, a calumet of peace, streaming across the peaceful waters. We had exhausted the Sault, its rapids, canal, ferry, foreign and native shores, even its electric breezes and non-electric conversations, and were all ready and anxious to obey the London policeman's order, and "move on." So we reluctantly bid good bye to our two Michigan brethren, and, reduced to two men and two boys, pass on board the comfortable steamer, and emerge into the lake. It is dark when we strike the sea, for sea it

is in all save sickness and saltiness, and the former it can get up on occasion, equal to the best or worst. Luckily for us, the lake to-day is in good mood, and level as a floor. Our goodly apartments are stable as a parlor anywhere but in San Francisco. There they are said to rock regularly. The meals are well provided, well eaten, and after the Methodist Discipline, "inwardly digested" in a proper and perfect manner. So much for the lake. It never waved a mite the four days we were on it. Would that it always treated its visitors as handsomely, which it does not often do, the next boat's passage being rough exceedingly.

Morning showed us the Picture Rocks six miles away. The colors were not visible. It is said only certain angles of the sun produce that effect. They are clay streams dripping over a lower form of sandstone, like Gay Head in substance, but far less picturesque. The chasms eaten out in their bases were clearly discerned. Beyond them, a few hours, bring us to

MARQUETTE.

the iron centre of the lake. It surprised us to find so live and large a town on this remote shore. Cars were running out on a long pier, and dropping their ore into wooden receptacles that were transferring them to many vessels. Hotels lifted their tall fronts across the landing, on the hillside street. Stores, factories, churches, all the equipment of a big town were here. The Methodist Church has the best edifice started, of dark red sandstone. It will be an ornament to the place, and to any place, though it should get more land so as to build a chance on its enlargement, which will be a necessity ere many years. It is a pity to make so nice a building so narrow. It needs help to get it completed. Boston buys much of the ore. It could give back some of it in greenbacks to help this important and imperiled undertaking.

The iron mines lie about thirteen miles back of the town, and employ a large force in their quarry. We did not visit them, but the specimens picked up on the wharves showed their richness.

THE COPPER DISTRICT.

A run till midnight along this cliff-bound shore brought us to L'Ance, the head of Keweenaw Bay, where a lot of iron rails from England, lying on the wharf, showed that the tariff of the neighboring quarries could not prevent the English from outselling us right in the very centre of our own mines.

The crookedest and narrowest river that ever a steamer crept up, is the Portage, out of Keweenaw Bay. How it gets out or in is a marvel even to those who are seeing it done. It is often but a marsh of reeds, crooked as the figure eight, and narrow as a miser's mind. It is channeled through by government in many places, for it must be entered. A dozen miles up its copper-colored waters lies the centre of the copper-mining district; so we crawl through, and by sunrise lie at the wharves of Houghton & Hancock, two towns separated by the narrow river. High hills rise from the edge. We climb before breakfast, and when half awake. It was wise, for when wholly awake, and after breakfast, we declined a corresponding undertaking on the opposite shore. Here the holes are dug hundreds of feet deep, and the ore carried thence to the shore for pounding and melting it into shape. Some of the ore comes solid copper from the mines; more of it is mixed with rock. The crusher beats out that which is easily separated, and the furnace makes it into ingots and slabs of commerce.

Look into that furnace, just ready for the outpouring. The ore has been mixed with broken bits of limestone and charcoal. This has brought a crust or scum to the golden surface. The stick it is stirred with is of poplar, iron being instantly ruined by contact with the molten metal. Two trunks of a young tree twenty feet long are burnt up in tending one melting. Rakes of iron, called "rubbles," scrape off this golden cream of worthless slag. The rakes may last a day or two, and may not last as many minutes. Then the deep, fiery color, flashes clear. Open it, and it is dark and thin as water, but it instantly closes together, and resumes its bright orange color. Bowls of iron prepared in some cement, attached to long handles, now dip the fluid metal into moulds. A few moments, and another ladle-full is placed on the previous deposit, so on for five deposits. These being cooled off at different, and not long intervals, leave each ladle as a separate cake about a foot square, and three inches thick. These are forwarded to market.

As one looked into that fearful furnace, he said, "the lake that barneth with fire and brimstone." An optimist answered with another reference, "the furnace heated seven times hotter than was its wont." "Could you trust yourself there?" "If the form of the Fourth were there." Its fearful or faithful suggestions are alike applicable to witnessing eyes. It is significant of the lake of fire, or the sea of glass mingled with fire. People who are afraid (of whom there are some ministers,

black!), to declare the painful reality of the Word of God, and the future of sinners, and who even affect to doubt this Word, as if that destroyed its truthfulness, never worry over the heavenly reality, though that is also fire. Accept each truth, and let this sight approve the same.

FROM COPPER TO SILVER.

The south side of Superior is left after we emerge from this river and ditch, and the point they traverse, we make for the North shore. We have begun with iron, passed on to copper, and now nothing will please except silver. How ravenous a human appetite, and how it grows fastidious as it is cultivated!

The gray bay gets up a fog to hide from us, if possible, the silver treasures on the opposite side. We find ourselves at dawn, thick massed in mist. We lie idle for several hours, dull thuds on our lee of waves on rocks, telling us to move would be perilous. The fog rises, and Silver Islet is before us, a bit of rock two hundred feet by two-core, hardly on a level with the lake. This little creature may be called "the gem of this ocean," for out of it already silver has been dug to a million and a half of dollars, and it has not been worked two years. They will not let you visit it, but land you on the main shore close at hand.

This whole region has been bought up from the Canadians by Detroit men, twelve thousand acres of argentiferous rock, and is now owned by Americans, — only one little specimen of the sharpness of the two nations. The first sign of this is the school-house, out of which rush the urbans shouting, and flying the star-spangled banner, while the bell rings, and the "school marm" smiles, rejoicing at the Yankee steamer which is visiting this super-Yankee shore.

MEMENTO MORI.

Wandering on the rough hill-side, where attempts to discover rock had been made and abandoned, I came upon a new grave. It was made in the loose shale, small slabs of rock, with rare gravel intermixed, a lonely grave, an unnatural grave amid these bewildering lusts of money. I asked an Indian-blooded lad passing by, whose it was. "A girl of thirteen," he said, "she died last winter." It seemed sadder yet, and more out of harmony with the scenes. Not the aspiring youth, nor the successful or unsuccessful man, but the tender girl. Following, not leading, she is overtaken by death. She was too tired to keep up in this fierce march for fortune, and fortunately fell asleep. The lesson should come home to all who stay, and all who pass, "For what is your life? It is even as a vapor, which appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away."

The tall Thunder mountain looks down on the lonely grave. Just across that little stream and marsh and woodland base, see it arise; the tallest peak on Superior, one thousand feet and fifty it mounts, sheer, brown, thick-robed, and capped in untouched forests, a cliff, rather than a peak, sombre, majestic, forming a fitting headstone to the humble grave.

THE HANDSOMEST BAY.

The fog prevented our running up Pigeon river, and viewing its falls; so we pass down Sturgeon's Bay, a magnificent sheet of water, like a sound rather than a bay, well locked with mainland hills and island mountains. The island side is an open series of bold cliffs, a string of emeralds and pearls, green isles, and glassy waves. Chief of the string for novelty is the unmusically named,

PIE ISLAND.

Pudding Island would have been more appropriate, though not more melodious, for its round top, or straight, tall, circular sides, better resemble that favorite rival in its Christmas shape. The color, too, is of the dark red plum-pudding sort. It is a precipitous wall of red sandstone, mounted by layers of trap, over eight hundred feet from the water's edge, and crowned with a huge oval mass of green trees and shrubs, that make its appearance as fine as its form. A view from the north side gives other hills, moulded in like fashion, and dark with foliage. A cluster of pies or puddings that would make Jacky Horner crazy with gladness and self-righteousness. It is a novelty of nature, that will long make it an object of curious visitation.

THE CABIN IN THE EVENING.

Again across the Gitchee Gumee for the North shore. The fog settles into rain, and the cabin is merry with voices, here debating climatology under the lead of Mr. Disturnell, whose guide-books, and gift of explanation and anecdote draw quite an audience of listeners, and who tells us that the human culture depends entirely on isothermal lines. There is no help for the South, slaveholder, slave, or carpet-bagger, she must be barbaric because she is out of the zone of perfect isothermatism. It is her comfort, however, that New England is almost as effectually left out in the cold by nature, as she is in the hot. The perfect parallel he calls the Butter zone.

This runs through West Point. That made it give us such patriotic soldiers if they had only lived on that zone; but some went South, and to inevitable ruin. New York, and Chicago are on this lucky line, of course. That's what makes them so big. They are not to blame; they can't help it. His talk was interesting, albeit fate only for a few post-collegiate years, gave me a taste of the Butter zone. There a group may be busy over politics, only those dull on the appetite since the colored regiments of Western North Carolina have settled the conflict. Others are busy over books, and too many, alas, busier over cards. To this recreation they rush with an alacrity that shows how little of a strain the mind of man can stand. Recreation for a week or two is not endurable unless the greasy pack go with it. Night and storm and darkness and danger are all here, but the thoughtless card hides them and their wide suggestions under its thin flake of momentary pleasure. Let this keel but grate on a rock, this cabin but blaze in a flame, and their faith and future are but a house of cards without solidity, without protection; their life a game of cards they have lost forever. When will healthful pleasure abolish this aching void that sin creates, and vainly seeks to fill? How much better the meeting we had last evening with its hymns and talks on Christ, and the love and happiness in Him. They should be frequent on ship-board, and in hotel parlors. The "hop" and the card-table should give way to the Christian meeting.

The morning breaks lovely among

THE APOSTLE ISLANDS,

twelve in number, and therefore so called; but when named singly, no apostle is among them, unless Magdalene, the only Bible name used, may be considered to stand for Peter and his associates. And surely she is a good substitute for the brethren, and a sign, perhaps, of the tendencies of the times; for she was more faithful than any of the apostles, not denying nor forsaking her Lord; last at the cross and first at the grave; lamenting Him the sorest, and receiving the first and warmest words of comfort; a soul belied in later ages with reflections on her virtue, which the Scripture story does not warrant. Two or three such women were converted, and are thus mentioned, but not this poor maniac, who was no more immoral than the wanderer among the tombs of Gadara.

Christ did not appoint a woman among His apostles, therefore, as the opponents of the woman's right to preach declare, she should not be put among His ministers; an argument only valuable and logical to those who accept the apostolic succession, which dogma unfrocks all who make the plea. If He did not appoint Magdalene an apostle, Wisconsin has placed her among the Apostle Islands, and thus shows in her geographic nomenclature, what her Church reveals in her conduct; which Church, above any other section of the land, save Massachusetts, has welcomed the services of the greatest revivalist in the land, with none the less of heartiness because that revivalist is a woman. Magdalene among these apostles in the sea, and Mrs. Van Cott among their true successors on the shore, are a happy conjunction. May this elevation of the one to this full apostolic equality, be a sign of the like elevation of the other to a like ministerial equality.

ON THE SHORE.

Bayfield, behind these islands, which are really many more than twelve, is yet inchoate, but is full of great expectations. It will be a pleasant town when it gets built, one of the pleasantest for location on this or any other shore.

We run down the bluff-lined shore for a half-dozen hours, and see on a hillside a whiteness offsetting the sombre green and gray that are wearying the eye with their monotony. The whiteness glitters more and more. It distributes itself soon into distinct particles of light. It puts on more form and less glitter, and soon streets appear lining the bay and ranging along a straight hillside, and climbing up its rather steep ascent steeples rise, and

DULUTH

is here.

You have heard so much of this town, that you will not care to read more. It is ambitious and hopeful. Lots fifty feet front are held from three to five thousand dollars, on Superior Street, and "greatest expectations" is written all over its young but well-wrinkled brow. From the parsonage on the fourth street, called the Third, since the first street is called Superior, you do see a very enchanting sight. The lake lies out broad and boundless in its northern horizon. That point which the South Shore seems to make, is forty miles distant, and as clear as if, but four; such is the atmosphere. The mirage lifts up the point sometimes into a mountain ridge. The ships sail on the clouds, and not the sea. Their hulls are more clearly seen twenty

miles off than one, and you can easily fall into the Western story-telling style, such as this specimen, which I heard as a fact: "I saw an antelope lift his ears fifteen miles off on a prairie."

Below us stretches the busy city, with its docks, its new channel cut through a spot of land stretching six miles south, and preventing a good harbor, but which, opened by a hundred yards of cutting, lets all vessels into a large and quiet and very handsome bay, along whose northern edge the city is stretching, and miles of wharves are being built by the North Pacific Railroad, as their base of freight operations.

[See page 454.]

WANTED.

Wanted, a pastor of consummate skill,
Who can think and pray, and work with a will,
Whose heart's in the work and will never keep still,
Till his labor of love is done.

Wanted, a man with superior thought,
Whose every act with wisdom is fraught;
Who never utters a word for naught,
But is careful with every one.

Wanted, a Church to hold up his hands,
Untrammelled, and free from satanic bands;
Shining with light wherever it stands,
Like a city set on a hill.

Wanted, that glow of celestial fire,
Burning steadily, higher and higher;
With faith and hope and strong desire,
Expecting Christ to fill.

Where can these wants be all supplied?
Where can these graces be applied?
Who will in Jesus Christ confide,
Down to the verge of the grave?

Let pastor and people, one and all,
Ruined by sin, from the guilty fall,
Call upon God, repeating the call,
Till they feel His power to save.

JOHN O. FOSTER.

EDUCATION.

The war is upon us. To arms! They come: the Greek, the Latin, the Hebrew, the common sense, the practical idea, the natural man; these are the contending forces; give way, for blood is the result of their clashing.

Prominent just now among the subjects much discussed by the writers for our Church periodicals and papers, is Education, and this is right; mind is the measure of the man. This subject cannot be too much discussed, for the educated man is needed everywhere, especially in the Church. But how it should be discussed, is another question; and what constitutes an education does not wholly depend on one man's idea.

In *The Christian Advocate* of a few weeks since, Dr. Kidder contributed an article on this subject. The end of his writing seemed to be the taking to task of Brother Cox, who, earlier, had argued the "negative" of the question. Soon after Dr. Kidder's article, on what he chose to style the "affirmative," appeared, the Rev. John Atkinson "took the floor," and in turn took the good Doctor to task:

Well now, this may be all right, but why be so dogmatic about it? Dr. Kidder of course knows that college doesn't make the man, nor going through constitute an education. And Brother Atkinson must be aware that the "practical idea" would be of little worth without book knowledge and school discipline to give it direction.

But the trouble is not confined to these two brothers. Were this true, there would be little occasion for alarm. The fact is, they are representatives of two great classes of men growing up in our Church, and becoming more and more distinct every year; and here is where the danger lies, which we are frank to confess, to us seems not little. The lines are being drawn. Go into any one of our theological schools, and the first question asked you, by the first man you meet almost, is, Are you a graduate? Answer this interrogatory in the affirmative, and as soon as it is known, which doesn't take a great while, you find yourself *clicked*. So if your answer is in the negative, the chasm is formed, and can never be crossed by the "negatives," until by dint of effort, these prove their superiority, or some institution of learning confers the inevitable A. M. Thus the war is waged; this line of demarkation is drawn, and its influence felt, not only through our seminaries, but through the Conference course of study; yes, and we may add, ever after, and that too, often when the man branded inferior is really superior. We are not objecting in this to affinities; we believe in these; but in the order of God, which is not the order that characterizes the differences we here refer to.

Now is this right? Hundreds of our young men are not able to go through the regular curriculum of all our institutions of learning. Health, years, means, hinder. But often these come to the doors of our Confer-

ences, with more than an equivalent for these prescribed courses. Their education for the work that they are to do is better than that of many graduates. Should not such be received cordially, and encouraged? Emphatically, yes. There is room for all; there is demand for all. The whole world is the field; let them come in. But if any of these can graduate at any of our schools, academies, colleges, or seminaries, by all means let them do so, and let all who can, encourage them to do so; for it is the most practical man that can turn a classical and professional education to the best advantage. Above all things, however, let us have peace; and while those of us who can, sit at the feet of Gamaliel, let all learn at the foot of the Cross.

Since the draft of this article was prepared, an article from the pen of Dr. Barrows has appeared in the columns of this paper, which has in it the ring of the true metal. *Bible and God* is his cry. W. J. P.

WHAT I HAVE SEEN.

I have seen a woman, professing to love Christ more than the world, clad in a silk dress costing \$75; making up and trimming of same, \$40; bonnet (or apology for one), \$35; velvet mantle, \$150; diamond ring, \$500; watch, chain, pin, and trappings, \$300; total, \$1,000.—all hung upon one frail, dying worm. I have seen her at a meeting in behalf of homeless wanderers in New York wipe her eyes upon an expensive embroidered handkerchief at the story of their sufferings, and, when the contribution-box came round, take from a well-filled porte-monnaie of costly workmanship, twenty five cents to aid the society formed to promote their welfare. "Ah," thought I, "dollars for ribbons, and pennies for Christ."

I have seen a man who had long been a member of the visible Church rush to his business after a hastily swallowed breakfast, without a prayer in his family for God's blessing through the day, spend hours in the eager pursuit of that which perishes with the using, speaking not a word save of stocks, of bonds, and mortgages, and, when business hours were over, return to his home exhausted and petulant, to turn away from a sad story of want and suffering with, "I am tired, and cannot hear it!" I have seen him sleep away his evening without a pleasant word for wife or children, and retire to rest with no more apparent thought of God, his Maker, than if his meeting with him at the last great day were an idle tale. "Ah," thought I, "days and years for mammon, but not a moment for Christ."—*Christian at Work.*

The *Christian Union* tells the following good story, which has a moral that the reader may search out for himself:—

"The Rev. Mr. Laurie, of Erie, exchanged with Dr. Chapin, of New York City, one Sunday, and soon after he appeared in the desk, people began to go away. He watched the exodus a few minutes, and then rising, said, in a deep voice, clearly heard throughout the church, and with just sufficient Scotch brogue in his voice to give richness to his words: 'All those who came here to worship Almighty God will please join in singing a hymn, and while they are doing so, those who came here to worship E. H. Chapin will have an opportunity to leave the church.' His audience did not diminish after that."

Apocryphal to the foregoing, the *New York Examiner* has this:—

"We have heard of an orthodox congregation, many members of which were in the habit of prudently stopping in the vestibule long enough to ascertain whether their popular pastor was in the pulpit, and if not, swiftly retiring out of reach of any reproach that might come. The natural consequence of such habits was stated in reference to a seemingly prosperous Church threatened with a loss of its pastor. 'That Church,' one remarked, 'has been built upon him, and if he leaves, it will fall to pieces.'"

"Everything connected with your missions is a blunder," says the Brahmin to this young and inexperienced missionary. Yet, as the results of missionary enterprise, ten thousand native preachers, in more than a hundred different languages, unite with the missionaries of many lands in repeating the story of the Cross; three hundred thousands disciples in Christian communities numbering more than a million, gathered from almost every tribe of the children of men, bear witness to its saving power, and the blessed hopes it inspires. And then the Bible and a Christian literature in most, if not in all of these many tongues; the undermining of heathenism; the despair of the popular faiths; the conviction that the truth is with us, and all the vast preparation for the final conquest! Give us fifty years more of the same sort of "blundering," and we will hope to have the Gospel in every household, and opportunities for Christian instruction within the reach of every child of the human race!—*Exchange.*

SHINING LIGHTS.—They who are the fullest of faith and richest in good works make the least sound; when their hearts and lives, like the face of Moses, shine brightly with grace and holiness, they do not, they will not know it. They consider their greatest light and lustre is but a reflection from the Father of lights, and therefore they have no reason to boast at all of borrowed goods.—*Swinmock.*

The Family.

WILLIE'S GRAVE.

(AN AUTUMNAL SKETCH AT MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.)

A gentle maiden, young and lovely,
Stands in mute and mystic gloom,
While the sinking sun, her shadow
Casts upon a little tomb.
Everywhere the storied marble
Tells where mould'ring greatness lies,
But this little tomb and maiden
Most attract the stranger's eye.

"Wherefore—wherefore, sylph-like creature—
With a gloom beyond thy days,
Dost thou, through the pearly shower,
On that simple tablet gaze?
Time enough for thee to weep yet
O'er the ills of human-kind!
Soon, too soon, thou'lt feel life's burdens,
Soon, too soon, its sorrows find."

But without one answering sentence,
Still she droops her radiant head;
Tranquil all is, save the sear leaves
Autumn sprinkles o'er the dead;—
One by one those deathly emblems,
Quivering, rustling o'er the ground,
Seem as though each shrouded tenant
Of the tombs were gliding round;
While the golden flood of evening
Bathes each marble, tree and mound.

Gently tread—the ground is holy!
See whose dust she weepeth o'er;
Lo, the simple superscription,—
"Little Willie"—nothing more.
That's enough! These pregnant letters
Speak a volume to the heart,
Full of more pathetic meaning
Than the labored lines of art.

Love divine! mysterious heaven-light,
Glimmering 'e'en through earthly glooms,
Why take up thy feeble dwelling
In this world of tears and toms?
Spring brings forth the beauteous blossom,
Summer breathes her ripening breath,
But—when harvest should be gathered,
Lo, we find decay and death!

Melancholy, let this good old lesson
Ever in thy memory live,—
"Earth's best promises are bubbles,
Glittering only to deceive."
Look beyond the pearly portals,
Far in yon ethereal deep,
For th' Graces without fading,
And the Loves that never sleep.

C. HENRY ST. JOHN.

"TOT."

THE STORY OF A WOLF.

BY F. C. CONSTABLE, B. A.

"What 'a yer done, Tot?"
"An't sold none, mother. A boy took one on 'em."
And Tot, a small, ragged child, delivers up to her mother eleven boxes of matches, and then delivers up herself to a scrutiny of her rags for hidden money. The search is fruitless; Tot's scanty dress does not yield even one farthing.

"I told yer 'ow it 'ud be if yer sold none, hot or cold; so out ye go."

"I'll be froze to death, mother. I ain't eat nothink," replies Tot, piteously.

"Froze to death will yer? I'd thank the good Lord if he'd take yer—and me too, for the matter of that. I s'pose there's sich a many wants to go, He can't take 'em all. But out you go," she goes on, suddenly; and Tot is seized, pushed into the street, and the door shut before she can utter one word.

She waits for a little, hoping against hope that the door will reopen. But it isn't the first time she has been turned out, and she knows by experience how very small the chance is of getting in again. She feels very wretched, even more wretched than usual. For once in her little life of eight years, Tot has spoken the truth; she has eaten nothing all the day. It doesn't matter much. She has starved before; and the idea that any one ought to be blamed because she is in want of food never occurs to her for a moment. She has a curious feeling in her head, too; but she has been thrashed so often, and cursed so often, and faint with hunger so often, that she is accustomed to curious feelings.

It is very cold—freezing hard—and there is an east wind blowing—a wind that at once declares war against Tot, and with its sharp, cruel teeth, attacks every unprotected part of her body—face, hands, legs, and various smaller pieces here and there. Before leaving the door that is so hopelessly shut, she ponders for a time how to pass the night—she is sure mother will let her in next morning. She knows lots of out door sleeping-places; but she knows, too, that they are always well tenanted, and that to pay her footing she must submit to a preliminary course of bullying, and she is so faint and so cold that she fears to encounter it. So she determines to walk about, trusting to some happy chance to send her a-bed.

She hurries along till she gets into Oxford Street. It is late in the evening, and shops are lighted up. Tot knows them by heart, but never gets tired of looking. One she likes best of all; it is full of tiny horses and carriages, and little men and women, and funny animal-like yellow dogs, but with very thick necks, covered with hair. And all these things are good to eat. Tot knows that, for she has heard a lady say so. She always stands at that window till a policeman orders her to move on; but to-night, though she has hurried along as quickly as possible to get to this particular shop, she scarcely stays there a minute. How it is she cannot tell, but she has lost all interest in the funny animals; indeed, she can see nothing funny about them. She is too restless to stand still; and she has a strange wish to get somewhere, she has no idea where.

She goes on through Oxford Street, down Regent Street, and then turns into Piccadilly. Her head seems to get lighter every minute. She fancies, too, that she is not so cold and so hungry as at first, but she cannot be sure about it. On, on she walks, till the bright shops end, and a railing begins, with trees and grass upon the other side; and there is only a single line of light, stretching away out of sight. Tot is beginning to get out of her beat; but on she goes—she wants so much to get "somewhere," and there is plenty of time to go home before morning.

There is a great crowd of carriages, and cabs, and people going the same way, and this crowd keeps getting greater and greater every minute. But Tot does not look at the carriages, or the cabs, or the people, much as they wave about so strangely, and, instead of going forward in a straight line, they move in a circle round and round. She cannot help, now and then, tumbling up against the people, too, for they are continually vanishing and appearing here, there, and everywhere, in a most confusing manner; but she manages to get along, stumbling dizzily, and the crowd grows thick and thicker. Suddenly all the carriages and cabs go off at a tangent from the circle, and rush away towards a great building on the left side of the road. It is so big that Tot cannot see where it begins or where it ends; she can only see an enormous open door, out of which a bright light is streaming. She has never seen such a place before; so she pushes her way through the crowd close to the door. The carriages drive up, and ladies and gentlemen get out of them, and go into the building. How very beautiful they are! And they keep coming and coming and coming. Hundreds there must be, Tot thinks. And they are all quite clean; and their dresses are red and blue, and gold and silver, most wonderful to see. Tot longs to know where all the people go, for she feels sure she should find what she wants there. She can see them go in pretty well, though they wave about strangely; but when they get into the bright light she can only distinguish a confused mass of color. At last her curiosity grows so strong that she feels she must find out the meaning of it all; so gathering together all the strength at her command, she makes a rush straight at the door, runs up some steps, past two policemen, who are too astonished to stop her (though she does not know that), and is tumbling along a wide passage, to the extreme wonder of the ladies dressed in red and blue, and gold and silver, when suddenly a third policeman appears in her path. Tot tries to dodge him; but she is too feeble to have any chance of escape, and the policeman, with consummate ease, captures and secures her by a grasp of her hair. He knows her hair is to be trusted, although her rags are not. Tot's head feels lighter than ever; she fancies it is getting away from her body, but she cannot be sure. All the people she passes look a long way off; and as for the policeman, he is miles away, though he does hold her so firmly.

"So you have managed to make a capture, Policeman—a strange one for the place." And the speaker looks curiously at Tot, and Tot looks at him.

He is a tall man, with a great waving mass of golden hair thrown back from his face, and he has big eyes, and like all the other people, he is a long way off.

"A vagabond, my lord, after handkerchers, my lord." And Policeman releases Tot from the grasp of his right hand, and seizes her again with his left, that he may touch his hat properly to my lord.

"I ain't. I wants to see inside," says Tot, feebly. What a long way off her voice is! She knows now that her head has really got away.

"So you want to see inside?" says my lord. Tot looks up at him. She has learned to read faces, and is not a bit afraid of this one.

"Yes," she answers.

"Are you hungry or cold?"

Policeman smiles knowingly, and says, *sotto voce*. "Trust her, or any of 'em for saying yes." He would have preferred to say this aloud; but he has seen "my lord" before, and is not sure how he will take it.

"No," answers Tot.

She means to tell the truth, but she has to think a little before she is quite sure what she really does feel. No, she does not feel hungry, and she does not feel cold. It is very strange, but the only feeling she has is an intense longing to see "inside." She would like to know why everything seems so far off, and why her head has gone away from her body; but she does not care very much about that; what she wants is to see "inside."

My lord is in a strange mood this night, and a strange idea seizes him.

"Leave the child with me," he begins.

"But, my lord," says Policeman, doubtfully.

"Have you seen her take anything? No? Then you are quite safe in leaving her."

Policeman releases Tot, and my lord (utterly indifferent to the fact that all who pass by stare hard at him and the child) says, with a pretty smile—

"My little ragged girl, we will go together and see this wonderful inside; but remember when you get there to repay me for my great kindness by exhibiting the most extreme astonishment. Have you a name?"

Tot looks up at him in doubt; but his face reassures her, for it is very pleasant, and she almost persuades herself he is not "kidding."

"Don't know. They calls me Tot," she says, with her eyes still fixed upon his face.

"A very good name, Tot, a very good name. But I must apologize to you, Tot, for a gross breach of etiquette on my part. I should have first introduced myself. Know me then, Tot, as Lord Casual, a radical, a materialist, a believer in equality of property and universal labor. And respect me too, Tot, for conscientiously discharging the duty that devolves upon me of showing to the world a practical illustration, in my

own person, of the excellence of my theory (I should, perhaps, say theories), by a hard life of sleeping, eating, shooting, hunting, and sometimes even dancing. What if I indulge in occasional fits of madness? Surely a life so completely given up to the public welfare should gain me forgiveness? Some would call me mad even now. But come, Tot, we are close to the inside."

My lord speaks as to himself rather than to Tot. She, for her part, has no idea what he means; but she likes to hear him talk. Her head is getting so far away that she is afraid of losing it altogether; everything is getting far away. They go up some steps, and every one they pass turns to look at the ragged, white-faced child, and the tall, handsome man. Some know him, and say, when he has passed—

"Just like Casual, just like him."

Tot feels weak going up the steps, but she says nothing. She begins to doubt whether it is not all a dream. She has dreamt of policemen before—often; but never of gentlemen talking to her. They walk some distance along a passage, one side which is all doors, and at last they stop at one of them. My lord takes a key from his pocket, places it in a hole in the door, gives a little turn and push, and it opens.

"Here we are, Tot; only four steps, and you may look at the inside till you are weary."

A bright light comes from the open door. Tot goes in and stands motionless, as if suddenly turned to stone; rigidly staring, her eyes wide open, a faint flush on her cheek, and her chin dropped. O, what a wonderful place! So big and so bright! Brighter even, she thinks, than the sun itself! All the people are there, too; she can see their dresses of red and blue, and gold and silver. And—

"You may sit down, Tot," says my lord. He looks in her face, and sees there intense wonder and awe. My lord, thereat, is surprised and pleased, yet troubled within. But he says gaily,—

"Accustomed as you probably are, Tot, to wooden chairs, on first touching one of these you may find its resistance to your frame impact but feeble, and fear it will not support you. But don't be afraid, Tot, you will find it will all come right in the end."

Tot is very weak, and the flush in her face has quickly died out, but the wonder and awe are still there. She sits down, or falls rather, on a chair. O, how pleasant it is. If the other people are sitting on chairs like that how happy they must be! And she can see in every direction. The place is round, and up high there is a circle of lamps. But a very thin circle, not nearly enough to make it so light; and Tot believes the people who are all of them so clean, must give out light themselves. So she looks at my lord; but his clothes are black, so they cannot shine; but she is not sure about his hair; she almost fancies she can see light coming from it. There is a big thing at one side of the place, made of pipes, and she would like to know what it is. But she is not quite sure that she could speak if she tried; there is a numbness coming over her, not bringing any pain with it though, not a bit. The chair is very comfortable, and Tot is in a state of the most perfect rest; never before has she been so entirely free from hunger and cold. Her wonder and awe at the vast place, too, decrease by degrees, till she is simply happy. My lord talks to her; what about she knows not—education, secular, denominational, mutual obligation, class legislation—she never heard such words before. But he wants no answers, only to talk, and perhaps my lord has never before had so satisfactory an audience.

Soon all the place, except near the big thing with the pipes, is full of people, and then, suddenly a great sound fills the air! Loud now, and again soft, changing, and changing, and changing.

The big thing with the pipes is getting farther and farther away, all the place is getting bigger; the circle of lights above is miles high, but Tot does not mind now; it seems perfectly natural; it is not quite so light as it was, but she is very happy.

The great sound ceases as suddenly as it began, and my lord lays his hand on Tot's shoulder, and says gravely,

"Not a word now, Tot, an' you love me." But there is no fear of her speaking.

Suddenly again a new sound comes through the air, made up of all sounds there can be, Tot thinks. Sad at first, it swells and falls in notes deep and low; bright soon, it leaps from sound to sound in notes sharp and clear. And every change, every swell, and every fall, notes deep and low, sharp and clear, all join together in one great joyful noise that fills Tot's starved little body and soul with ecstasy. O, that it would never stop. Tot can hardly make out the lamps now, they are miles and miles and miles away; she can only just see the big thing with the pipes, and the people have turned into a distant mist of red and blue, and gold and silver. She looks up at my lord. He is close to her! So close, that if she could move her hand, she could touch him! She is very glad of that. She does not know, and does not want to know, how it is he has come so near. It is quite proper that the other people should be so far off, it does not pain her at all; but she is very glad my lord is near, and that she can see his face. The sound stops, and Tot feels a great shock. O, if it would go on again! She listens in an agony for it to return; will it never come? At last she hears it; very soft, very low, and very regular, and she is happy. Soon, above all, she hears the voice of some one singing. The sound is infinitely pure and sweet; it brings great comfort to the starved little body and soul. She can hear the words plainly, and knows what they mean. She cannot see the lamps now; only a circle of light, far away, high above her. The big thing with the pipes is gone; the mist of red and blue, and gold and silver is gone; she can see nothing but the circle of light above,

and my lord sitting by her. And still the voice sings on, and Tot is full of happiness. Hunger and cold, blows and curses must come quickly if they would come at all, the time for action is short; death, their unfailing antidote, is near.

If my lord had seen Tot's face then he would have been frightened. But he was listening, wrap up in pleasure; forgetful of everything but a man's voice singing, and the words were,—

"Comfort ye, my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her iniquity is forgiven. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

Then my lord sighs, turns his head, and looks at Tot. Tot is seated, white and motionless, in the comfortable chair; her dirty little hands folded in one another, and her dirty little head thrown back. A change has come over the face; there is no wonder, no awe in it now, only a look, despite the dirt, gentle reader, of infinite calm and rest.

My lord started; he places his hand fearfully on her forehead, and suddenly with a shiver draws it back.

"God, how cold!" he whispers. "She must have fainted." Then in a louder tone, speaking that he may be heard by those around, he says, "Is there a doctor here?"

Some catch the words and stare curiously at him, but a grave man rises from his seat and answers the call. He feels Tot's pulse, and puts his hand on her heart, then shakes his head.

"Quite dead, quite dead," he says, and looking at her shrunken face: "Effusion of blood on the brain, I imagine, caused by want of the necessities of life and —" with a glance round the mighty building, bright with light and color; "possibly accelerated by unusual excitement. Nothing to be done, nothing. If you please, I will give you my card."

My lord, without taking his eyes off Tot's face, receives it, and the grave man goes back to his place; he is a passionate lover of music.

For a minute my lord stands in doubt, but the British public is beginning to whisper and stare at him, it scents food for its curiosity; so, with a smile, he takes Tot gently in his arms and carries her away. At the great door is Policeman, who seems unsettled in his mind as to whether it is not his duty to stop my lord and examine his burden. But he is so perfectly calm that Policeman persuades himself it must be all right, and the way is left free for Tot's exit.

My lord, as a materialist, has of course, no belief in immortality; and he objects strongly to the custom of burial prevalent among so many nations. In his will, indeed, (most carefully prepared), he has bequeathed "his body to the nation in order that, etc., etc., science, etc., human progress, etc., on condition that all of the aforesaid body not permanently required may be burnt to ashes," etc.

But my lord forgets to do unto others as he would others should do unto him. He finds out Tot's mother — no easy task — and then finds himself, to his own surprise, questioning her as to Tot's baptism. Tot, it seems, has been baptized, and possesses, therefore, a reversionary interest (vesting on her death) in graveyards.

So, on the advice of my lord, advantage is taken of Tot's interest, and she is buried; far away from houses and smoke, far away out in the country, under a tiny cross in the shadow of an old square-towered church. And my lord is present at the burial, and listens to and hears every word of the service from beginning to end. And my lord, journeying back to London, a rug over his knees, foot warmer beneath his feet, cigar in his mouth, and forty miles an hour, thinks to himself, "There's something in these barbarous ceremonies after all; not all prejudice. . . . Dust to dust, ashes to ashes. . . . In the hope of a glorious resurrection. . . . Poor Tot. . . ."

"Hansom, sir? No other luggage, sir?"

"Curzon Street, Mayfair, as hard as you can go."

BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

We refer in another place to the quarter-centennial exercises held last week. The following is the Annual Report of the Dean of the Faculty of the Theological Seminary, Rev. Dr. Warren:—

Thirty-three years ago last April, in this very building, in a Convention expressly called to consider the subject, the founding of the first Methodist Theological Seminary in America was resolved upon. Twenty-five years ago this month, after unsatisfactory attempts to develop it in connection with existing institutions at Newbury, Vt., and at Middletown, Conn., the "Methodist General Biblical Institute" was opened, as an independent theological training school, at Concord, N. H. Five years ago this very week, having been removed to this city, and rechartered as the "Boston Theological Seminary," it received its first class under the new organization. To-day's Commencement, therefore, is manifoldly noteworthy. It is a concentration of anniversaries. It is the semi-decadal year of the Boston school, the quarter-centennial of the Concord one, and the tri-centennial of the founders' Convention. Seldom are the cycles of history so rhythmically complete.

Standing at such a point in the history of the institution, we should probably but meet a natural expectation, if, in making our annual retrospect, we were to adjust our lenses, not so much to the events of the past year, as to the ampler distances and ranges of the whole third of a century. Inasmuch, however, as in the first of these annual statements in this city the story of the Seminary was brought down to the point of its removal hither, it only remains for us to-day to group and state the salient facts in the development of the school during the last five years.

The number of students in attendance five years ago was thirty-two. The next year it rose to forty-four; the next to fifty-nine; the next to eighty-one; while for the year just closing it has amounted to ninety-four. Our average annual increase for the period has been thirteen; average annual attendance, seventy. This growth has not been merely local. At the beginning of the half decade sixty per cent. of our students were from New England, forty from other States; at its close, but twelve per cent. are from New England, while eighty-eight per cent. are from the regions beyond. In 1867 but five States outside New England were represented; this year there are ten, besides British America, England, and Wales.

During the half decade three new Professors have been added to the Faculty. Twelve special instructors have been employed, and twenty-six lecturers extraordinary. The present Board of Instruction consists of five regular professors, four lecturers, and six special instructors.

The practice of supplementing the labors of the regular Faculty by the employment of lecturers extraordinary was introduced at the time of the removal of the school from Concord. How satisfactory the result has been, is known to most of this audience. Several of the courses have already been published in book form, and others equally deserve to be. From the first, it has been a part of our plan to secure one course annually from representative men of evangelical communions other than our own. The fruit of this catholic policy has been seen in the admirable courses presented by Drs. Jacob Manning, W. L. Gage, James McCosh, Joseph P. Thompson, Samuel Harris, and James M. McDonald. This noble line will be worthily continued the year to come by one whose name is perhaps to-day the most venerated in the whole catalogue of living native American scholars, Theodore D. Woolsey.

During the five years the pecuniary support of the institution has been provided for in a manner most satisfactory to all its friends. In October, 1869, our honored and beloved patron, the late and lamented Isaac Rich, esq., not content with having already given \$100,000 toward the endowment of the Seminary, came forward with the princely offer of another hundred thousand for building purposes, on condition that other patrons would raise an equal sum to complete the endowment. Generous responses to this offer were soon made, and before his death it was our brother's pleasure to see his proposition prospectively more than met.

Meantime, however, and indeed very soon after making the aforesaid proposition, Mr. Rich decided to devote the bulk of his ample fortune to the founding of a Christian university of the highest order. A charter was secured, a Board of Trustees organized, and General Statutes adopted. To yet more amply guarantee the future of the Theological Seminary, and to preclude the evils which might arise from the existence in the same city of two rival educational establishments under one ecclesiastical patronage, he proposed to the Trustees of the Seminary a transference of their school to the care and support of the new University; the proposal was accompanied by terms so liberal that the Seminary Trustees and Church authorities unanimously approved. Accordingly, an enabling act having been passed by the General Court (approved March 30th, 1871), the Seminary was thereupon, with all its trusts and traditions, transferred to the guardianship of the Trustees of Boston University. But a few months later the sudden decease of our noble benefactor revealed to all the world the munificence of his provision both for the maintenance of our theological school, and for the creation of allied departments. The customary annual collection for the Seminary has now been discontinued throughout our patronizing Conferences, and all the varied advantages of the school are henceforth at the service of the Church, without money and without price.

Well may we rejoice this day. Well may we celebrate a joyful jubilee. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. The brightest hopes of our fathers have been more than realized. Surveying their long and arduous struggles, remembering our own temptations to discouragement and distrust, we can but give voice to liveliest gratitude to Almighty God. Let us show the genuineness of our thanksgiving by warmly cherishing, as a Church, the noble institution which God has given us. It is most worthy of our love and sacrifice. Pioneer in the cause of distinctively ministerial education in the largest free church in the world, it has an honor all its own. Projected in the year of the first Centennial Jubilee of universal Methodism, it is historically linked to the greatest religious movement of the modern Church. Organized by the pastor of Daniel Drew and the trusted counselor of Mrs. Garrett, it is the Alma Mater of all present and prospective theological schools of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Represented by a body of Alumni equal to seven Annual Conferences of one hundred members each, — the same scattered through all our Conferences and missions in the ratio of one to fifteen, — who can estimate the influence which this institution has exerted upon and through the entire ministry of the largest Protestant communion in America? God only can appraise such work. To Him be all the glory, both now and ever. Amen.

Our Book Table.

GOD WITH US; or, The Person and Work of Christ, with an Examination of "The Vicarious Sacrifice" of Dr. Bushnell. By Alvah Hovey, D. D. Second Edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. We are happy to announce the issue of a second edition of this valuable and scholarly work of Prof. Hovey, which has been heretofore favorably noticed in these

columns. It is an elaborate and clear presentation of the modern orthodox theory of the person of Christ, and its relation to the sufferings of the cross. We commend it heartily to Bible students.

In Harper's elegant and cheap octavo edition of the works of Charles Dickens, we have presented to us this month THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP. This edition is finely illustrated. The type, although small, is clear. It is a favorite edition with many, and is entitled "The Household Edition."

OUTLINES OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By Rev. Joseph Alden, D. D., LL. D. New York: Nelson & Phillips. Boston: J. P. Magee. In a small, handsome, and cheap pamphlet a very comprehensive summary of the chief grounds of confidence in the inspiration, authenticity, and genuineness of the Christian Scriptures is presented, and followed by appropriate questions. It is intended for normal Sunday-school classes, and is a good text-book.

LITERARY NOTES.

Scribner, Armstrong & Co. are the publishers of Mr. Stanley's account of the successful *Herald* search after Dr. Livingstone, the great African explorer. The volume will be made up of the letters which have already been published in the *Herald*, but will give the narrative wholly rewritten by Mr. Stanley, since his arrival in London. A large number of illustrations from the pencil of Mr. Stanley will embellish the work, which is to contain some 500 pages octavo. Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. will publish the book simultaneously with Scribner & Co. The great interest which has attended Mr. Stanley, during his journey, will not be fully satisfied until the complete record of his journey has been published, and consequently the appearance of the work will be awaited with some impatience.

Dodd & Mead will publish, during the present month, two works by the celebrated Dr. Dollinger, entitled, *FABLES RESPECTING THE POPES OF THE MIDDLE AGES*, and *LECTURES ON THE UNION OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRISTENDOM*. The former will contain an introduction by Prof. Henry B. Smith, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York. Dr. Dollinger has been connected since the year 1826 with the great Bavarian University at Munich, which celebrated last month the 400th anniversary of its foundation by King Lewis the Rich. Baron Liebig and Dr. Dollinger are its two most famous graduates. Dr. Eck, the brilliant but defeated opponent of Luther, was once a student at Munich.

The *London Lancet* makes a most sensible suggestion, when it urges that old newspapers should be sent to the hospitals, instead of being destroyed. There are far better places for a once-read paper than the waste-basket.

The *Athenæum* says that London, which has not had as yet a history worthy of the subject and its importance, is soon to be the theme of a book by Walter Thornbury, author of "Haunted London."

Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn., has a book in press by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., entitled, *SERMONS ON LIVING SUBJECTS*, which will soon be published. It will treat of practical every-day themes in the most earnest manner. The following are some of the topics touched on: "How to be a Christian in Trade," "The Gospel of the Face," "The Outside Saints Free to Amusements, and too Free to Want Them." Dr. Bushnell has already published a number of works, among which are, "Sermons for a New Life," "Christian Nurture," "Vicarious Sacrifice," etc.

John Lothrop Motley, the historian, will have ready in a short time the first installment of his *HISTORY OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR*. He has been, during part of the past summer, the guest of Count Bismarck.

Rev. Alexander Raleigh, D. D., a prominent English clergyman, has written a book, entitled, *LITTLE SANCTUARY, AND OTHER MEDITATIONS*, which will soon be published by Dodd & Mead.

The *British Quarterly Review* contains an article on "Wit and Humor," which takes as its text the earliest and the latest jest-books, and finds the comparison much more favorable to the former than to the latter. The names of the two books are, *THE JESTS OF HERCULES*, and *THE NEW LONDON JEST-BOOK*, edited by William Carew Hazlitt.

Appleton's Journal, of a late date, contains an interesting article on George Cruikshank, the artist, whose illustrations have given life to the pages of Shakespeare, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, and almost all the novelists of the last generation. Within the last few weeks there has been published, in London, a *DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF THE WORKS OF GEORGE CRUIKSHANK*, in three quarto volumes, a work which enumerates, as far as possible, the thousands of sketches which a laborious life of eighty years has produced. Cruikshank is an artist whose productions are of the most various description; etchings, wood-cuts, lithographs, glyptographs, aquatints, heliotypes, water color and oil paintings, are all to be found among them. Although nearly eighty years of age, this "great, grave, and singular genius," as he has been termed by Mr. Ruskin, still possesses a bright eye, a warm heart, an elastic step, and an erect carriage.

Robert Carter & Brothers, New York, will publish this month *STUDIES OF CHARACTER*, by Rev. Dr. Guthrie, editor of *The Sunday Magazine*. The volume will contain the series of essays already published, and a number of others which have never before been in the American public.

Holt & Williams, New York, have in press *A TOUR THROUGH THE PYRENEES*, by H. A. Taine, a volume which will contain a large number of characteristic engravings, by Gustave Doré. The time of publication will probably not be until late in the fall.

Roberts Brothers have in press a novel, by Mrs. Richard S. Greenough, entitled, *IN EXTREMIS*. It has appeared as a serial, for some few weeks past, in *The Christian Union*.

M. Thiers is said to have recently paid a literary broker in Paris one hundred and twenty thousand francs for the new library he is collecting.

thoughtful authors have sought the instruction of childhood and youth, and almost all branches of human knowledge have been made to administer to the entertainment of the young.

It will not be by a natural tendency or by accident that a good taste is formed in young people. Wild fruit is small and sour and unwholesome. It is the cultivated that is large, sweet, and full of nourishment. A few are born with a marvelous genius, developing itself by sudden and astonishing leaps into the provinces of learning. The mass of children acquire slowly, and call for constant training. It is a delicate and protracted work to nurture a young mind; but when the work is successfully performed, the result is worthy of all it costs.

AFTER CAMP-MEETING.

After the camp-meeting, is after a great spiritual victory to many who read these lines, and we address a few words to them.

The absence of worldly cares in the grove, the presence of men and women of rich and rare spiritual attainments, have been a favoring occasion for God's special blessing; and while you, by divine assistance, yielded yourselves his "servants to obey," you become his in a higher sense than ever before. You obtained a great victory. The glory of it rests upon your heart while you read. The light of heaven fills your whole horizon, and it seems to you that it can never be dark again.

Assuming this to be your experience, you will not understand us as disparaging your blessing if we suggest, that after the camp-meeting, even after the victory, — is a time of peculiar danger requiring special watchfulness. Victories as history attests, have been occasions of many disastrous defeats. Victory, not Roman soldiers, conquered Rome's mightiest foe. The triumph which General Sheridan snatched from rebel victory in the valley of Virginia, is fresh in the memory of our readers. A British general defending the cause of his king at the South in our Revolution, is said to have declared that General Greene was never more dangerous to his foes than in the time of their victories. Unimproved victories, then, are lurid beacon-fires to the Christian warrior; and the danger that our spiritual victory will be unimproved, is imminent. The following are some of the causes from which it proceeds: —

From a want of watchfulness. The enemy is not dead because he has received a stunning blow. The Confederates, in their victory to which we have referred, assumed that the loyal forces, because rolled back, and for the moment powerless, would give them no more trouble. They sent out no pickets, and set no guards. They gave themselves up to the luxury of victory. So you may be in danger of giving yourselves up to the luxury of victory, at the expense of attention to express orders from headquarters to "Watch." Set every picket, mount every guard. You must not be off duty a moment. Your relative position among the people of God has been advanced by your spiritual baptism, and so your responsibility has been increased. Promotion in Christ's army brings greater obligation, as it does greater occasion for vigilance.

Secondly, a victory upon the camp-ground may be subsequently lost, or greatly disparaged by the banding of the victors together too exclusively in the churches to which they belong. Narrow circles, based on real or assumed spiritual superiority, beget jealousy on the part of those outside of them, and give occasion to the enemy to approach those who compose them with thoughts inconsistent with the humility which esteems others better than ourselves. We would approach this subject with the delicacy and qualification which we know it demands. Strong and pure friendships are formed at camp-meeting by a common anointing of the Holy Ghost. Old Christian friends are bound together as never before, by ascending together a higher sphere of spiritual life. May they therefore not follow a common law, and seek intimacy with congenial minds? Yes, if such intimacy does not involve a lack of cordial fellowship of saints outside of such circles. When Christians on whom rests God's special anointing, confine their conversation in the social circle principally to each other; when their fraternal calls are mainly among themselves; and when they neglect or coldly sustain the stated means of grace in their Church because they are "cold" and "formal," and "so stereotyped," for meetings under their own special patronage and management, then we think they too exclusively and unwisely band together. The offensive designation is provoked of "clique," and if there be a shade of bitterness in the one using it, "holy clique."

Love is diffusive. "It seeketh not its own." Like the good shepherd, it leaves the ninety and nine faithful sheep, and goes after the wandering one. In the spirit of the good Physician, it leaves the genial com-

pany of those who are "whole," and carries its balm to the sick. It does not sit down to enjoy the luxury of the victory, with the victors, but rather makes the victory an advantageous base, as it truly is, of careful search after lurking foes within, and further conquest over still inveterate foes without.

We will touch briefly, but emphatically upon another danger — that of censoriousness. But can such a danger exist with increased holiness? The answer in the affirmative may be read on the pages of the history of most any Church. Increase of spiritual life gives a keener perception of the shortcomings of the average Christian attainment. The willingness of God to bless with all the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel, has greater emphasis. The wonderful power of such a blessing burns in the heart. In contrast with all this, these average experiences seem so unnecessary! such a wrong to free grace! Hence the prompting to rebuke such loiterers in the Christian race, sharply, frequently, and to have such reproof become a staple of talk in and out of religious meeting, and the danger of mingling therewith no little of self. We forget at such moments how recently and how long we were rightfully classed, as to our experience, with the average Christians. We forget, when falling into this error, how well it becomes us to rebuke with gentleness and love, and all the fullness of the Christ-spirit, seeking to draw by its divine cords others to the fountain that cleanseth, rather than to try to scourge them thither.

We add a few words to a small, it may be, but important class of those who are now saying, sadly, it is after the camp-meeting, and I have failed to attain the blessing for which I went, and for which I honestly and persistently sought. Others are on the mount of heavenly vision! How I envy them! To one such sincere disciple, who thus complained on leaving the camp-ground, we addressed words to this effect: Sister, go home, and in your closet, with God's Word, calmly recall the instruction you have received, and reconsider your own consecration here, and see what there and thus your faith can grasp for yourself. A few days after she met us with her face aglow. "O," she exclaimed, "I did not apprehend until I came home what God had done for me!" She still holds on her way rejoicing. We set her down as one of the greatest beneficiaries of her meeting in the grove.

We suggest, then, to this class, seek in home reflection and prayer the seal of the camp-meeting blessing. z.

PAGANISMUS REDIVIVUS.

All honor to Boston, chief city of Puritanism! Benedictions on Mr. A. H. Rice and Governor Washburn! Hurra for the sage of Concord! Thrice four-fold hurra! At length the golden age has come again. Manners are better than religion. Frenchmen themselves must resort to our modern Athens to learn how to treat distinguished, especially pagan visitors. The *Tribune* records that, at the late Boston banquet to the Japanese visitors, due deference was shown to heathenism in the omission of the customary invocation.

Let this example be well considered. It is open to four interpretations. Perhaps the managers of the feast simply forgot this part of the usual ceremonies. Boston is not so pious as she used to be; and in this matter politeness is no fit substitute for pious gratitude. This remembers God, that forgets Him. I have sometimes sat at Boston tables, where the slightest attention to a guest was instantly followed by, "Thank you," but neither host nor guests gave any open thanks to God for His gifts. Perhaps this habit occasioned that public omission of thanksgiving. Perhaps it was a fresh instance of the favorite Boston idolatry of Mr. Emerson. He was present, and was to speak in behalf of the meeting to their guests. It is well known that he thinks our Christian temples would be put to better use if turned into schools and hospitals. Why pray to anything he does not believe in, while he is present? Of course it would be impossible to pray to anything he does believe in. This would be strange incense of hero-worship; but many Bostonians are capable of it.

It might have been mere politeness to pagans. If so, good old Boston has sold herself for naught. Those visitors no doubt desired to see whatever is most characteristic of American society. All genuine travelers do. They missed this chance through the merest flunkeyism. Buddhists are so enlightened as not to share the Boston antipathy to Christianity. A missionary told me that Buddhist priests frequently offered him the use of their temples for the performance of Christian worship. It need not be supposed that a simple giving of thanks could be offensive to them. Still further, the ablest expounders of the absolute religion tell us that in reality all men are religious, and that religion is the same in all, not different. It was therefore a grave mistake not to give those foreign gentlemen the chance to see that our religion and theirs are in essence the

same. How could that give offence? Surely they never think of omitting their heathenish devotions and rites when Christians are present; why should we when they are present? Two Japanese are among my neighbors, and they show some interest in learning all about our Christian faith and practice.

Perhaps the anti-Christian element of Boston seized on this occasion to insult the Christian sentiment of the metropolis of New England. In spite of the Unitarian defection, and its ensuing swarm of heresies, Boston is to-day profoundly Christian. She has often felt insults heaped on the name of Christ as heaped on herself. She has thousands of citizens who are hurt by every such public oblivion of the name of God. How cool the impudence which remembers the supposed scruples of pagan guests, and insults the cherished convictions of a great Christian nation. Let this performance be explained if possible; let it never be repeated. G. P.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONS.

One of the most encouraging developments of Christian activity is the creation of the Society whose name stands at the head of this article. Its progress during its very brief existence is well calculated to gladden every soul interested in the advance of the work of God on earth. O, woman, rejoicing in all the Gospel has done for you, this society ought to have a warm place in your heart. Long before the morning of the millennium dawns upon that world, the women of the Church will gather about the banner of the cross, and lift it higher and wave it freer in the sunlight of heaven than ever before.

There are to-day more than five hundred thousand women connected with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and there is an average ability of half a dollar each, which is readily available, if proper means be used. In fact, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars ought to be raised forthwith, and then annually increased, to carry on the beneficent work of this society. Suppose it should not all be needed at present for the support of laborers in the foreign fields, it could be well and profitably expended in bestowing a thorough preparatory training upon young women prepared by nature and grace for the glorious mission of carrying the Gospel message to the degraded and oppressed women of heathen lands. Every one familiar with the humbler walks of life, knows full well that in almost every Methodist Church there are more or less young women, pious but poor, talented but uncultured, a-pining but cramped by circumstances, interested in the salvation of the world, but burdened with many cares, who, if they were wisely advised, and judiciously assisted, would engage in study, secure the needed culture, and devote themselves to the mission work of the Church. The world has been waiting long and patiently for the Gospel, and men have done what they could or would, and all the time well-nigh one half the heathen world has been inaccessible to the labors of the evangelist; for women have been secluded and shut out from all participation of the blessings of the Gospel, and the Church has failed to apprehend the simple facts that the surest and most permanent way to revolutionize the world in favor of Christianity is to Christianize the mothers of the world. This is the idea of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society; and without abating one jot of interest in any other good cause, without giving any less for any other charity, this Society ought to receive the confidence and prayers and financial aid of every woman of Methodism. *M.*

The *Christian Advocate*, of last week, has for a leader, one of the characteristic essays — strong, positive, and closely linked in its logic — of its able editor. The subject discussed is one of the most delicate and interesting in modern social science, as well as perplexing in systematic theology. It is the nature of inherited depravity, creating special moral weaknesses, and the responsibility of persons subject to these peculiar mental conditions which are considered in this essay. Dr. Curry goes back of the ordinary stand-point from which these questions are usually discussed. He does not attempt to weigh the special guilt, or comparative irresponsibility of a person subject to these uncontrollable appetites; he does not seek to draw the line between moral health and moral insanity, or attempt to suggest the proper course to be pursued by the community with persons that seem to be the helpless victims of their desires; but he goes down to the bottom of the whole matter, and presents afresh, and in a strong light, the Augustinian view of natural depravity itself, the guilt of it arising out of its lawlessness, and its opposition to the holiness of God; the necessary disfavor or wrath with which God from His nature, must look upon all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men of every form, however entailed upon them, and for which the only cure

as it is the adequate relief and cure of the individual, from the certain consequences even of his natural helplessness, is the "great salvation" which both forgives, saves from wrath and renews the soul in righteousness. It is certainly a very suggestive article, and one worthy of consideration at the present hour.

Quite a decided revolution in the character of the houses of worship, for even large and vigorous churches, seems to be taking place in New York. In order to provide accommodations for a large congregation without incurring enormous expenses, and thus placing the sittings above the means of persons in moderate circumstances, iron-clad churches have been erected, some of them particularly plain, and almost forbidding in their outward architecture, but well arranged for hearing and ventilation, and having a very cheerful-looking assembly room within. Such a building as this is the great awkward iron tabernacle of Mr. Talmage. Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, the vivacious free communion Baptist preacher, of Brooklyn, has an iron church of large capacity, of quite imposing architecture, erected at a moderate price. Mr. Hepworth is arranging a slightly edifice of iron to accommodate three thousand, on a fashionable avenue, in New York City. Dr. Seudder, a very popular Congregational clergyman of Brooklyn, one of the missionary family of this honored name, has just dedicated an ornate structure, with a front of 150 feet, a depth of 100, and a capacity of seating 2,500 persons. The building cost \$65,000; the land and furnishing brought the whole expense up to \$100,000. The same architectural style and capacity in brick or stone would probably have cost twice as much. We understand some of our people in this vicinity are considering the question of iron churches. They will do well to make careful inquiries as to these tried experiments. We certainly look with much interest upon any plan that will secure slightly and comfortable churches at reasonable prices.

We were favored last week with a visit from Dr. John Ordronaux, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the School of Law, of Boston University. Dr. Ordronaux graduated at Dartmouth College, in 1850, and at Harvard Law School in 1852. He studied law in the office of Nathaniel Morton, esq., of Taunton, and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1853.

In 1860 he received his medical diploma at the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., of which institution he became a lecturer upon the same subject as the one he now treats before the Boston University. He succeeded Chief Justices Redfield and Parker as Law Lecturer, in Dartmouth College. He is also Law Lecturer of Columbia College, New York Law School, Trinity College, Hartford, gave him his degree of Doctor of Laws, the doctor being an office-bearer in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He is the author of several well-known medical treatises and reports. He has published a valuable work upon the jurisprudence of medicine, a thoughtful essay, entitled "Hints on Health in Armies," and a report upon "The Sanitary Condition of Disabled Soldiers." He translated a short time since a very singular and interesting old medieval Latin poem upon sanitary and hygienic topics. So that, for one still in his young prime, Dr. Ordronaux has already accomplished much service in his generation. As his name is less known in New England, than other names in the law Faculty of the University, we are pleased to present these claims which the Professor brings with him to the respect of students of law. We doubt not his course of lectures upon one of the most delicate and interesting subjects of the course, will become very popular, and he will meet with the appreciative welcome which he well deserves. He has been of late employed by the State Board of Charities, in New York, to prepare their report, especially upon the condition of the insane in the State. He rendered efficient service at the late examination by the Board of the House of Refuge, in New York City.

Dr. Eggleston, the admirable editor of *The Hearth and Home*, published by Orange Judd & Co., enjoyed formerly an enviable reputation as a platform speaker and writer in the interest of Sunday-schools. His previous reputation, however, and his late marked success in the editorial chair, seem to be quite overshadowed by his sudden and remarkable success as the writer of national tales. He has acquired unexpected fame in England, as one of the best original painters of prairie scenes and the life of the primitive settlers upon the Western plains. His "Hoosier School-Master" had an average run, both in this country and England.

His new work, "The End of the World," which has been published as a serial in his weekly paper, is about to be issued in a book-form. It is fully as characteris-

tic of the rough, frank, semi-barbarous, and superstitious early farmers, and boatmen of the West, as the previous volume. Its characters are living personages, and will ever cling as distinct images to the memory. It is a very amusing, interesting, and morally wholesome volume, and will doubtless meet with, as it merits, a wide sale.

Some of our readers, whose religious life has been lately enriched during attendance upon grove-meetings, in the delightfulness of their communion with Christ, and in their close fellowship with Him, have failed to give a right interpretation to the consecrating words of the beautiful hymn, beginning—

"Come, thou Fount of every blessing,"

and ending,

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it."

They have publicly expressed their reluctance to use the latter verse, to the grief of other experienced and devout Christians. No saint is so holy on earth as to be beyond the possibility or liability to temptation, or the necessity for earnest prayer and constant watchfulness. These are the ideas which are embodied in this hymn, and which have trembled from thousands of devout lips, in hours of the closest communion with the Saviour. We have secured a paper from Dr. Steele upon this subject which will appear next week.

The Democratic and Liberal party held their State Convention last week, and in harmony with the marvels of the hour nominated Charles Sumner as their candidate for Governor. Over this nomination *The Boston Post* loudly rejoices. Evidently the age of miracles has not entirely passed away, or a political millennium is foreshadowed. One may safely say without taking partisan ground, that if persons cannot conscientiously vote for the excellent Republican candidate, they cannot find a better man than Charles Sumner.

Dr. H. P. Torsey writes in a private letter about himself and his institution: "I am sorry to report myself among the disabled. For several weeks of the last of June and first of July, I worked in the cities of New York and Brooklyn, to secure funds to finish our new building. This immediately following my hard year's work in the school, put me into the hands of neuralgia and rheumatism, in whose torturing gripe I still remain, unable to work, but enabled to suffer. The school is very large, and in all respects prosperous. My associate teachers are experienced and faithful, and see that none of its interests receive damage."

We are requested to state that the N. Y. Agents, for satisfactory reasons, have decided to postpone, for the present, the publication of the *Sunday-school Advocate* as a weekly.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, and Rev. Frederick Brooks, of Cleveland, took passage in the steamer *Thuringia*, and sailed from Havre for New York last week.

Rev. R. H. Allen, who, for the past three years has been pastor of the Congregational Church at Neponset, died on Thursday of last week, after a brief illness, aged thirty-two.

Pastors needing ministerial aid in protracted meetings, would do well to remember Rev. Charles Fowler, of Bristol, N. H., who has labored in that field for sometime past with marked success.

Dr. B. I. Ives, of Auburn, N. Y., visited our office on his way to dedicate the Methodist Episcopal Church in Plymouth, N. H. He attended the morning love-feast of the students of the Theological School, and awakened great interest by his energetic, practical, and spiritual address to them. He was very favorably impressed by the appearance and spirit of the young theologians, and thought the Church had much reason to look with hope upon their future usefulness.

The Macedonian thus records the death of Dr. Wade:—"Dr. Wade, who had been a missionary in Burmah forty-nine years, died at Rangoon, June 10, after a long life of faithful labor, usefulness, and honor. Dr. Binney says of him: 'He has not for a day omitted to work, until about six days before his death. His mind was clear to the last, and strong until within a few days of his decease.' His disease was cancer. Dr. Wade was born in Otsego, N. Y., December 10, 1798. He sailed from Boston, the first time, June 22, 1823, and afterwards twice visited the United States. He sailed the last time for Burmah, July 25, 1850. He was a man of clear and discriminating judgment, sound theological views, great industry, and devoted piety; and his services in the missionary work have been invaluable. His departure leaves a void which cannot easily be filled."

The Right Rev. Bishop Manton Eastburn, D. D., died at his residence on Brimmer Street, in Boston, at 10 o'clock, on Wednesday night, 11th inst., of malignant dysentery. This eminent clergyman was born in England, of Wesleyan parentage, February 9, 1801; graduated at Columbia College in 1817, and finished his preparatory studies at the General Theological Seminary; his parents having come to the United States and settled in New York when he was a lad. He was ordained in May, 1822; officiated for a few years as assistant minister of Christ Church, New York; became rector of the Church of the Ascension in 1827; received his consecration as assistant Bishop of Massachusetts in 1842, and as Bishop in 1843. As a writer Bishop Eastburn is somewhat, although not extensively, known. He published a volume in 1833, under the title of "Lectures on the Epistles to the Ephesians," and four years after delivered the oration before the Alumni of his Alma Mater on the occasion of the semi-centennial celebration. He had been twice married, and leaves a widow, but no children. His funeral took place at Trinity Church, last Saturday, at noon.

The Methodist Church.

IPSWICH.—Rev. C. H. Hanaford, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, received eleven new members on the 1st inst. This Church is enjoying a good degree of prosperity.

CAMBRIDGE.—The solid men of Trinity Church, East Cambridge, are carrying forward the finishing of the new church in a very quiet and efficient way; it is already frescoed, and the pews will soon be in, and they hope to have it dedicated before winter. They have a beautiful and suitable audience-room, 66 by 58 feet, and will be just the thing for this thriving and spirited Church. Meanwhile the work of holiness is going on in the Church; new victories are gained, and new converts are given weekly.

The praying bands are doing good service. They have opened a cottage meeting in Squire's Block, which is leading souls to Christ. The Sabbath-school is prospering finely. The pastor, Wm. P. Ray, is expected to return about October 31, when E. Davies will be at liberty to go forth as an evangelist. Five have been baptized of late, and four have joined the Church.

MAINE ITEMS.

The Cumberland County Baptist Association commenced its session in Portland, Aug. 23, at the Free Street Baptist Church. Rev. Ira Leland was chosen Moderator for the organization, Rev. Dr. Shalen permanent President, and E. M. Hayes, Clerk. Rev. B. F. Lawrence preached the annual sermon from 1 Timothy iv. 8. The sermon was an excellent one, thoroughly evangelical and timely, and was well received by the large audience present. Mr. Lawrence is a man of marked ability, and one of the "lights" in his denomination. The report of the treasurer showed a deficiency of \$851.91, the expenditures of the year having been that amount larger than the receipts into the treasury. One member of the Association, Rev. L. B. Allen, has deceased, which was announced in a very feeling speech by the President. The deceased was an excellent man, and a very useful minister. He rests from his labors. The Association was very harmonious in its deliberations, and all the services were deeply interesting and impressive. The Fund for Indigent Ministers was reported to be slowly increasing, which certainly is an encouraging feature of the report. The report on the state of religion in the churches showed more than an ordinary degree of prosperity, and the report on Sunday-schools was very encouraging.

Rev. G. J. Pierce was ordained pastor of the West Congregational Church, Portland, Aug. 28. Mr. Pierce is engaged as we understand to supply the pulpit one year. The sermon for the occasion was by Rev. S. P. Ray, of Bangor, from the text, "Thou art Peter." It was an able exposition of the nature and stability of the Church and the ministry. The exercises were well attended, and deeply interesting. The Church is prospering.

The Methodist Church on Kingfield Circuit is prospering. Rev. C. A. Averill, the pastor, is laboring faithfully among the people, and is having a good religious interest throughout his charge. Last Sabbath, at the Quarterly-meeting in Kingfield, two persons were baptized. Several have been recently admitted to full membership.

CAPE ELIZABETH DEPOT.—This charge, Rev. C. C. Mason, pastor, is in a progressive state; meetings well attended, and a deep interest evidenced by the unconverted.

WILLIMANTIC CAMP-MEETING.

This meeting, though announced to commence Sept. 2, really commenced Sunday, Sept. 1. Our Presiding Elder, Rev. Geo. W. Brewster holds to taking time by the forelock; accordingly he held his Quarterly Meeting for Willimantic, on the Camp-ground, Sept. 1, having a good love-feast in the morning at 9 o'clock, and at 11 o'clock he preached an appropriate preparatory sermon for the camp-meeting, from Josh. iii. 5: "Sanctify yourselves, for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you." In the afternoon, Rev. L. D. Bentley, of Norwich, presented some plain and practical thoughts against the doctrine of universal salvation. In the evening prayer-meeting, one soul was happily converted.

The regular services of the meeting commenced on Monday evening. The following brethren preached during the meeting in the order named: Rev. George De B. Stoddard, Melville Howard, A. N. Bodfish, Z. S. Haynes, L. B. Bates, Geo. E. Reed, Daniel Steele, D. D., J. O. Knowles, S. Leander, C. S. Macreading, W. V. Morrison, E. B. Bradford.

These sermons were almost without exception well-timed, while some of them were accompanied with much of the Spirit's power. The meeting has been one of the most successful ever held at Willimantic. It is estimated that about one hundred were converted, and many believers were sanctified.

Much might be said in commendation of the Presiding Elder, and the Camp-meeting Committee for the general good order, the excellent board, the improvements made upon the ground; and in short, for all of their indefatigable labors to make the meeting a grand success.

The debt of \$5,000, incurred a few years since for improvements, was reduced last year to \$2,000, and probably the avails of the meeting this year will reduce it to \$1,000. New private cottages, and society houses and tents are being erected each succeeding year, showing that the Willimantic Camp-meeting is a permanent institution. ROBERT CLARK, Secretary.

UNCAVILLE, Ct., Sept. 11, 1872.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

The Hedding Camp-meeting was held at East Epping, N. H., commencing August 27, and closing September 2.

For several weeks before the meeting opened, the grove was made lively by people who had gathered into their cottages and tents, from the cares of their professions and business trades, and the common work of life, seeking for rest and recreation. So many had thus come together that regular, social meetings were appointed for each week, and preaching was furnished for four Sabbaths previous to the camp-meeting, by ministers who were recreating in the woods. All these services were interesting, well attended, and proved to be spiritual blessings. They were a good prelude to the services of the camp-meeting which commenced on Monday evening. Rev. Eleazer Smith preached the opening sermon on, "Say not that those former days were better than these." This man of ripe years showed the progress of religion among the skepticism, fashions and customs of the world, and greatly encouraged the Church to believe that the cause of the Lord is prospering in the earth.

On Tuesday it rained during most of the day. The people were called into the large tents, to hear preaching by Rev. N. L. Chase, and Rev. E. A. Smith. In the afternoon, Brother Mattison discoursed on the "Hebrew Worthies," and Brother G. W. Norris, on "The Mystery of Godliness." In the evening Brother C. Fowler spoke from the words, "How shall I give thee up." Fine weather greeted the encampment on Wednesday morning. Rev. H. Montgomery used the text, "We will not come up." Rev. Brother Baker, of the New Jersey Conference, preached from, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the hearts of the children of men are set in them to do evil." The text used by Rev. L. W. Prescott was, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

On Thursday morning T. L. Flood preached on, "These shall make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb shall overcome them," etc. In the afternoon, Dr. B. K. Peirce, editor of ZION'S HERALD, used for his subject, "Justification by Faith." In the evening there was a very interesting missionary meeting held at the stand in the interest of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Speeches were made by Mrs. O. W. Scott, Dr. Barrows, and Eliha Adams.

On Friday the rain fell in torrents, and for the second time during the week, the people were driven to the tents to hear preaching. The preachers in the forenoon were, V. A. Cooper, J. M. Sauborn, F. Rider, and S. McCune. And in the afternoon, B. W. Chase, D. W. Downs, R. Tilton, and N. M. Bailey. Class-meetings were held in the different society tents in lieu of the closing preaching service for the day, after which the regular prayer-meetings were put in motion. On Saturday the sky was clear, the air cool, and everything favorable for preaching in the auditorium. A. E. Drew preached in the morning, J. W. Adams in the afternoon, on "The Penalty of the Law," and J. Noyes in the evening, on "Who are these arrayed in white." The love feast on Sunday morning was conducted by Rev. J. Pike, and it was one of those indescribable religious services which so often characterize camp-meetings. Hundreds spoke of the great salvation as it inspired their faith, excited their hopes, filled them with joy, and prompted them to pray and work for Jesus. The hearty amens and shouts of happy souls enjoying triumphs over sin, reminded us that the old Methodist fire still burns in many hearts, and that Jesus is the crafts, mighty to save, yesterday, to-day, and forever. W. F. Crafts preached in the morning from, "They saw none save Jesus only," and C. W. Millen in the afternoon, on "God shall supply all your need." The closing service for the week was held at the stand in the evening. It was an exhortation meeting, conducted by L. P. Cushman. The same fervent spirituality marked this service that was manifested in all the previous meetings.

The prayer-meetings at the altar which followed the morning and afternoon sermons, were under the direction of Revs. E. G. Smith, A. E. Drew, and H. Montgomery, who were appointed a Special Committee for this work. It proved to be a wise arrangement, and the Committee did excellent service. The prayer-meetings in the tents were sources of life and power to many souls. It was reported that over fifty persons professed to be converted during the week, besides those that were stirred to new activity in the religious life. The preaching was direct, and clothed with spiritual power. The themes selected, and their treatment, showed a wonderful degree of power in their adaptation to the wants of the occasion.

The temporal interests of the meeting were in the hands of a very efficient Committee. The trains brought three mails per day to the encampment. The arrangements for boarding the people were good, and finely executed. Horses and carriages were kept well and in safety, at small charges. New lots were sold for cottages, and in many new ones were built this season. Rev. O. H. Jasper, Presiding Elder of Dover District, proved himself an able and successful superintendent of the several interests of the encampment.

One feature of the meeting (which is a peculiar sign of the times), was the presence of a tent's company of Freewill Baptist brethren and sisters. They received a hearty welcome, and we are sure they always will from both our ministers and people. The daughter of a Freewill Baptist minister was converted in their tent. They appeared to enjoy the daily meetings as much as the oldest Methodist on the ground.

The meeting was a great success, and time will doubtless illustrate the wonderful power and blessing that rests upon the churches in town and city as results of the week's preaching, and singing, praying and working for the Master.

The completion of the Sugar River Railroad was celebrated in Claremont, 10th inst. Governors Stearns, Straw, and other leading railroad men were present. This makes a direct line of travel from Concord to Claremont. The road will be a great blessing to farmers, manufacturers, and Christian people. It is the only railroad between Nashua and Lebanon that runs across the country, and connects the two sides of the State.

Hon. A. M. Shaw, a Methodist gentleman of Lebanon, has laid out this new road, and superintended its construction with eminent ability.

The Metho list Church in Salem, N. H., was dedicated September 10. Brothers Steele, Judkins, Crafts, Downs, Robinson, Dearborn, O. W. Scott, and M. Newhall, participated in the dedicatory service.

B. K. Peirce, D. D. preached from the words of Isaiah: "Blessed are ye that sow." The choir sang finely. The Church has been remodeled during the past year by raising it up four feet, and adding twelve feet to its length. The old cupola was taken down, and a new spire reaching an altitude of about one hundred and ten feet put in its place. The large windows were rearranged, new pews placed in a semi-circle, and separated from one another and the walls by three aisles. A very handsome pulpit of modern size is placed on a finely arranged platform, while the organ and choir occupy the opposite end of the house. The finish is chestnut; the walls are plain, the glass is stained, the carpet and cushions are crimson.

The vestries consist of three rooms, which are very convenient and handsome. The house is painted a light drab, located in a central part of the village. It is an honor to the society and community. The whole cost of the improvement is about \$6,000. The ladies' society have reduced this by furnishing the carpets, cushions, etc. Some funds have been realized by the sale of pews, and more still at the dedication. The congregation were asked for two thousand dollars, and they responded so liberally with subscriptions of \$100, \$50, \$25, \$10 and \$5, that they had contributed in all, twenty-one hundred and seventy dollars. The Brothers Wheelers, Ewins, Webster, Crowell, Emerson, and many others have done nobly. This leaves the society with a debt of some two thousand dollars. The enterprise was commenced under the direction of Rev. D. W. Downs. His labors will not soon be forgotten by the people who remember his toils to make it a success with much gratitude. The present pastor, Rev. A. R. Lunt, has a good prospect before him for usefulness and success in this very pleasant field of labor.

ROCKLAND DISTRICT CAMP-MEETING.

The eighth annual camp-meeting at South Windsor was held by the Rockland District, commencing Monday evening, September 21, under the able leadership of the Presiding Elder. Tuesday morning the key-note was struck, salvation for sinners, and full redemption for believers. The battle was fought through on this line, with a victory at every engagement. Through all the week souls were converted, and believers sanctified. From Tuesday morning to Friday night there was a continued increase of interest. Thursday and Friday were days of power, and of the glory of God. It was decided by those who have attended all the meetings which have been held on this ground, to be the best of all.

D. M. T.

RESOLUTIONS AT EPPING CAMP-MEETING.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted at the late Epping Camp-meeting by a rising vote, namely:—

Whereas, a general delinquency prevails in the administration of our discipline, in respect to an attendance upon the means of grace, especially family worship, class-meetings and prayer-meetings, therefore,

Resolved, 1. That the pastors in their respective charges be, and they are hereby respectfully requested not to make new rules, but prudently and faithfully enforce the old ones in respect to this matter.

2. That we will cordially sustain our pastors in the faithful administration of the Discipline, and hold them responsible for so doing.

3. That as a people we acknowledge the imperative claims of the cause of Temperance in wholly abstaining from the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage; and we believe as Christians, as Methodists, and as citizens, that the manufacture and sale thereof should be earnestly opposed by moral suasion, and prohibited by Statute Laws.

EPPING CAMP-GROUND, Sept. 2, 1872.

S. NORRIS.

CONFERENCE STATISTICS.

CINCINNATI.—Members, 31,375, an increase of 57—making the total increase of probationers and full members 369; local preachers, 212, an increase of 13; children baptized, 675; adults, 1,378; churches, 373—a decrease of 5—valued at \$194,422.21; parsonages, 76—an increase of 4—valued at \$172,850; amount raised for building and improving churches and parsonages, \$111,906; present indebtedness, \$60,704; raised for Conference claimants, \$5,702—a decrease of \$378; raised in the churches and Sunday-schools for missions, \$19,024; raised for other causes, \$6,118.90; number of Sunday-schools, 355; officers and teachers, 4,721; scholars, 35,372—an increase of 907; total expenses of the Sunday-schools, \$12,901; conversions this year, 1,795—an increase of 607.

OHIO.—Number of members, 19,064—an increase of 344; probationers, 1,428—an increase of 217; number of local preachers, 136—an increase of 5; number of baptisms—adults, 951; infants, 280; number of churches, 2924; probable value, \$99,212; number of parsonages, 68; collected for Conference claimants, \$2,272; for Missionary Society, \$11,831.72—a decrease of \$586; raised for other causes, \$2,523.14; number of Sunday-schools, 288; officers and teachers, 3,330; scholars, 23,405; volumes in library, 46,796.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN.—Members, 201; probationers, 14; churches, 5; probable value, \$40,000; parsonages, 13; probable value, \$2,500; Sunday-schools, 12; officers and teachers, 80; scholars, 733; money raised for Sunday-school purposes, \$538.

EDUCATIONAL.

Rev. J. D. Geden, of the British Wesleyan Conference, has been elected Theological Professor at the Headingly College, as the successor of Mr. Lomas.

Rev. James A. McCauley, D. D., late Presiding Elder of Washington District, having accepted the position of President of Dickinson College, resigned his former position at the close of last month. The Preachers' Meeting of Washington adopted a minute expressive of their high appreciation of his character and services, and of regret at his severance from the district, his labors upon which have been signally blessed. Dr. McCauley enters upon a most important field of labor in his new calling; and in view of his eminent fitness the friends of the institution have great cause for encouragement.

The Trustees of the Hillsborough Female College, Ohio, have elected Rev. J. McD. Matthews, D. D., President of that institution, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Rev. D. Copeland.

The Western Advocate says, Professor Gibbons, of the Ohio University, has resigned in order to accept the Presidency of the University of the Pacific, at San José, California. He formerly resided on the Pacific Coast. He is one of our best and most experienced and successful educators.

Our brethren in the South have resolved to hold, during the fall, a Methodist Episcopal Educational Convention, and have appointed a Committee to make the necessary arrangements. Dr. E. O. Haven, Educational Secretary, is to be among the speakers.

The Board of Trustees of Indiana Asbury University, having authorized the Faculty to organize a Department of Military Science, they have elected Lieutenant J. Harold Yeckley, late commander of Fort Abercrombie, Dakota Territory, to fill the chair. The department will embrace the usual military studies, drilling, gymnastics, engineering, etc. The Law School will continue under the supervision of Hon. A. C. Downey, instruction being furnished principally by resident members of the bar.

NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

The Carlists in Spain are becoming troublesome again.

The death of Prince Albrecht, commander-in-chief of the Austrian army, is reported.

Judge Henry Hogeboom, of the New York Supreme Court, died at Hudson, aged 64. He was a graduate of Yale.

The volcano of Mauna Loa, in Hawaii, is again in active eruption.

President Thiers has been informed by Bourgoing that the Pope has abandoned all idea of leaving Rome.

Duties on imports from Japan in Japanese vessels are abolished by the proclamation by the President.

The rinderpest is spreading in Great Britain with alarming rapidity.

Another delegation of Indians is going to Washington. It will number forty from several different tribes.

A boiler explosion in Cincinnati, on the 13th, killed four men, injured five, and wrecked the building.

James Gordon Bennett's will bequeaths the Herald to his son, a life-interest in his residences to his wife, and the rest of his real estate to his daughter.

The reported loss of the Pacific mail steamship America is confirmed. Three of the European crew and thirty Chinese steerage passengers were lost.

The emperors at their recent meeting sent a note to the Pope asking him to break with the Jesuits, as they are the enemies of the Church.

The Indians are said to be committing all sorts of outrages in Alaska, and there is nothing like government except in the immediate vicinity of Sitka.

The oil works of William Lincoln & Co., at East Cambridge, were totally destroyed by fire, on the 12th. The loss will probably reach \$100,000.

The Yellowstone Valley expedition is a failure, the surveying engineers after reaching the mountains, refusing to go further through fear of the Indians.

The British corvette Cossack has captured several parties and vessels engaged in kidnapping natives of Navigator's Island. They are to be sent to Sydney.

A Mormon militia man has taken an affidavit that the recent Mountain Meadow massacre, which was supposed to be the work of Indians, was really committed by the Mormon militia in cold blood.

Mr. Edmund Yates arrived on the 11th, in the Cuba. As he proposes to pass the season in lecturing these notes of his career will be of interest. He was born July 3, 1831. He is the son of Fred. H. Yates, the manager of the Adelphi Theatre, London, and was educated at the Charterhouse.

A large party of engineers, under command of Captain Anderson, of the Royal Engineers, have left Toronto for Pembina, where they expect to meet the American party appointed to determine the forty-ninth parallel, the boundary between Canada and the United States territory from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains. It is estimated that the work will occupy three or four years.

A great land-slide occurred near Fraga, Spain, on the banks of the river Cinca. The bed of the river was filled with earth and rocks. The waters were forced from their course, and the country around the town inundated. The bridge which crossed the river at that point was carried away. A barge with 40 men, women, and children, taken from flooded houses, was swamped, and all on board were drowned except three. Many other lives were lost, and the damage to property was very great.

(Continued from page 447.)

That bay stretches six miles across to Superior City; or would stretch, but for a dike built across its centre by the Duluthians, who were ordered so to do, in order to prevent their new channel from destroying the natural channel of the city opposite. But the dike is not agreeable to either side, especially to the Superior City, whose State (Wisconsin) has allowed Minnesota to steal a march on them, and to locate the commercial city of the lake on a far less eligible site, simply because it put its money into the cause. Money answereth all things to-day, as in the days of Solomon.

Four mini-ters, two D. D.'s, and one well on the way, take boat, and paddle across this pleasant lake, dragging the canoe over the harmful dike. It is the third long boat-ride in as many weeks. Nearly a hundred miles of oar and sail, in the tiny skiff, almost squeezes all the landlubber out of one; and but for the frequent falling back on "the white ash breeze," might make me into a sailor. As it is, there is but little danger. "A wet sail, a flowing sea, and wind that follows fast," may be exhilarating; but a dry sail, moping sea, and wind that doesn't follow at all, a tugging at the oar, or a sweltering in a hot trough, sick and helpless, are not so pleasant. The feet are better instruments of locomotion than the hands, and the land a better material on which to exercise them than the sea.

As we paddle back and tie the boat up to Minnesota point, while the party gathers the biggest sort of blueberries, let you and me cross over it a few rods, and sit on the shore of the lake, and take our last look on its waters. Here, too, if you will, you may bring out your Hiawatha, and your Whitier, with his "Lines on an Eagle's Quill," from Lake Superior. The latter we happen to have with us, the blue-and-gold gift of friend Arnold, the bookseller of Detroit. It is a painting of another scene than this, for he sings,—

"Below me roar the rocking pines,
Before me spreads the lake,
Whose long and solemn-sounding waves,
Against the sunset break."

There is no breaking of "long and solemn-sounding waves" here to-day. A dash, light and short, is all. But they can roll and rise. That elevator yonder, a hundred feet high, has been crested with the spray of the stormy sea. But to-day it is without a wave.

"I hear the wild rice-eater thresh
The grain he has not sown,"

and he may hear him yet, though the time of threshing has not yet come. The wild rice abounds, and its luxurious eater also, who so gorges himself with his food that he gets too heavy to fly, and falls an easy victim to other gorgers, Indians and Yankees, who stuff themselves as full with him as he with rice, and are often easier victims of laziness, and the destruction that follows it. He cannot well see

—"with flashing scythe of fires
The prairie harvest mown,"

for prairie there is none along these wooded hillsides. A little back, and the vision is common. The "eagle-quill" gives the flight that gives the observation. True, however, is this vision—true everywhere here to-day:—

"I hear the tread of pioneers,
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves, where soon,
Shall roll a human sea."

"The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm;
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form."

So saw he it; so is it rapidly becoming. Longfellow's "Hiawatha," with its barbaric romance and vile reality, is fast vanishing away. The Gitchie Gumee, or Big-Sea-Water, is not for savages, whom no culture nor kindness seems able to tame and turn into prosperous citizens; whose Hiawatha is still a myth; whose Dakotahs and Ojibeways, or Chippeways, are still deadly hostile, notwithstanding he, an Ojibeway, married a Dakotah, Minnehaha. The Chippeways call the latter Sioux, or cut-throats, and have made the country accept the nickname as their true name. These races are yielding, must yield to the white man's footstep, and slowly vanish before his march, absorbed in part, but mostly destroyed; not by cruelty, nor any injustice. These, thanks to President Grant, are coming to an end. He is the first President that ever treated the Indian as a man. But he cannot save them. They must melt or disappear, melt and disappear. The newer civilization replaces the old, and the Western wilderness is to be peopled anew for Christ, by all bloods flowing into one.

Our Sabbath in Duluth was refreshing to soul and body; a delicious day, and delightful service. Two flourishing churches have we here, and others near at hand. Monday finds us aboard cars marked "North Pacific," our first sensation of this sort; and we are off for the regions beyond.

IN MEMORIAM.

This letter is too long for a postscript, yet I cannot forbear adding a tribute to a man of genius, the announcement of whose death I lighted upon yesterday at Minneapolis.—Dr. Thomas E. Bond. Having often had occasion to differ from him and with him, I take the greater pleasure in bearing testimony to his superior abilities. Few men wielded as sharp a pen; none a sharper. Well read in professional literature, he found his destiny not in the scalpel, but the quill. He mingled in the hottest strife of Church and State with a boldness and ability that compelled attention.

He was witty and sarcastic, and took too much delight, sometimes, in the using of these gifts—a not unfrequent occurrence with their possessor. Nor was he always right in their employment. Yet he always seemed to love to "hit" better than hate the mark. It was exercise and enjoyment of skill more than malice; the huntsman's sport, who feels no hardness to the game he shoots.

He espoused the wrong side in the gigantic controversy, and contributed to it by far its ablest pen, ecclesiastic or political. He did not fail to rebuke some of its own errors, though he did fail to rebuke the cardinal error of maintaining wrong distinctions and prejudices based on complexion—a course hostile to all the teachings of his own profession, as he had bravely shown when the Nott and Gliddon school attempted to make the black man essentially different from his whiter brother. He wrote and lectured against that crowning crime of pretended science, and dealt it blows unto its death.

He will be greatly missed in his editorial office; the more painfully so, because he had begun to round into port, and advocate the fraternity of Methodism—the first step towards its unity. His brilliant father was not bedimmed by his brilliant son. Both were of the same profession and name, and both have made the title and name of Dr. Thomas E. Bond memorable in Methodist and American journalism.

He was hospitable, as are all Southern gentlemen; fond of discussion, ready to give and receive, full of point and power. A day at his Harford home, the haunt of Asbury and Coke, where he died, will long recall his lively walk and conversation. May his going warn all whom he met on his warm-fought field to be ready for that summons which blends all in one indistinguishable dust; and may the hospitalities received and enjoyed on earth, be received and reciprocated in the peaceful heavens.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. XIV. 21.

MORE FOR WAR—LESS FOR CHRIST.—The war system of Christendom cost last year about two thousand million of dollars. How much was given during the same time for Christian missions among the heathen? Shall we state the sum? Well, here it is: Christians of every name contributed for the missionary cause about five millions to convert the heathen world to Jesus Christ. O when will as much be contributed annually to save this world as is now paid to destroy it by war?

HEATHEN WOMEN ACCESSIBLE TO THE TRUTH.—But a few years since, and the women of heathendom were inaccessible to religious truth, and the evangelistic labors of the Church among the heathen were almost entirely devoted to the other sex. Now, the heathen women can be reached by the Gospel. In India, the women can easily be brought under evangelizing influences; and in the city of Calcutta alone about 300 households, in which are found 1,200 females, are open to Christian instruction. Wonderfully is God thus preparing the way for the conversion of the world. Save the heathen women, and heathendom will soon yield to Christianity.

NOBLE LIBERALITY.—Rev. D. W. Thomas, one of our excellent missionaries in India, feeling the great need of a theological seminary for the education of the native ministry, proposed to give twenty thousand dollars in gold for the endowment of such a seminary, provided funds could be secured for the erection of suitable buildings. Says the last Missionary Report:—

"As soon as this generous proposition of Brother Thomas became known in this country, a liberal layman called one day at the Mission Rooms and left his check for five thousand dollars, to be applied to the erection of this building so soon as the arrangement for the twenty thousand dollars which Brother Thomas proposed to give should be consummated to the satisfaction of the India Conference.

"When the General Missionary Committee met in November, 1871, the proposition of Brother Thomas to give \$20,000 as above, and the contribution of \$5,000

for building purposes by E. Remington, esq., of Ilion, N. Y., were reported to that body. It seemed to the Committee very desirable to erect a building sufficiently capacious to accommodate both the theological and normal schools under the same roof, and an appropriation was therefore made of \$10,000, gold, for a theological and normal school building in India, payable whenever arrangements were made for its erection, and the \$20,000 for endowment purposes should be secured to the satisfaction and acceptance of the India Conference. This being accomplished, the General Committee directed that the special contribution of \$5,000 by Brother Remington be carried into the treasury, to be used in meeting this appropriation of \$10,000 for building purposes.

Recent advices from India bring the information that the \$20,000 from Brother Thomas have been paid over or secured to the entire satisfaction of the India Conference, and the money for the building has gone forward. This measure is of vast importance, and promises gracious results to our work in India."

JAPAN.—The prospect is that Christian missionaries will soon be able to occupy Kioto, the "Miako," or sacred capital of Japan, the residence of the Mikado. During the exhibition of Japanese industry, the city was thrown open to foreigners for a limited time. Three missionaries of the American Board visited the city, and one of them, Mr. Gulick, writes:—

"There now remain about twenty days of the term during which the city is open to foreigners. What we shall find it necessary to do, in order to remain after the expiration of this term, is not quite certain; but it seems probable that I shall be obliged to make some engagement with the government for teaching school; otherwise, my continuance here would constitute a precedent which other foreigners would not fail to urge to the annoyance of the government.

"At an interview between an officer who ranks third in the city, Dr. Berry, Mr. Davis, and myself, the officer stated that as yet the government had not permitted the introduction of Christianity, and therefore I could not commence at present to preach to the people. I said that, until it was permitted, I should not be able to preach, but that if people came to my house, I could talk to them of Christianity. He replied that I could do that, but not preach publicly; and added, that ere long Japan would probably be open to Christianity, though as yet it was not.

"Our settlement here has been attended with many remarkable and favoring providences—in the way of securing a house in a suitable locality, gaining friendly acquaintances among persons of influence, and receiving a welcome from many who can, as yet, but in a small degree appreciate our motives in seeking an abode among them. We find ourselves in the heart of a most populous country, with villages and cities on every hand."

THE SCHOOLS IN INDIA are doing a great work for the native youth, and especially for the native females. The Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society has under its training 325 girls; the American Board, about 1,000; the London Missionary Society, about 3,500; and the Church Missionary Society more than 6,000. The Christian education of the girls of India will have much to do with the Christianization of that land.

BULGARIA.—Rev. Dr. I. G. Bliss has written two letters to *The Bible Society Record*, showing the great revival of religious interest in Bulgaria. The circulation of the Scriptures there has been greatly blessed to the good of the people. The prospect for evangelistic labors in that country was never so cheering. The new Bible house at Constantinople was in successful operation, and was adding great strength to the religious forces of the land.

HOW TO CREATE AN INTEREST IN MISSIONS.—The true method of extending an interest in missions, and increasing the amount of contributions to the missionary treasury, is to diffuse as widely as possible interesting items of missionary intelligence. When every family is made familiar with the work of the dissemination of the Gospel, we may hope that, as faithful stewards, they will regard provision for the wants of the heathen as a part of the necessary and current expenses to be provided for every year, month, week, and day. Give the people missionary intelligence, and they will respond in liberal contributions.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONGREGATIONAL.

CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—By the seventy-third annual report of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society, just issued, we learn that for near three-quarters of a century, this society has cared for the waste places and feeble churches in this State, as its first object. It has occupied eighteen missionary fields, on an average, in each county, and raised two hundred churches up to independence and self-support. It has had, in a remarkable degree, the confidence and support of the churches; but few of them failing to give annual aid, so that the \$1,000 income of the first year has risen to more than \$70,000 in the 73d year. It has accomplished vast good in this long period, by carrying and sustaining the Gospel among the destitute; and where, but for its aid, moral desolation would have been perpetuated.

But this has been but a small part of its work. After supplying the spiritual wants of our own State, it has sent the balance of its funds to the national institution at New York—the American Home Missionary Society—by which Gospel privileges are extended across the continent, and provided for the destitute in thirty States and Territories, having more than 2,000 missionary stations, and employing near a thousand ministers of the Gospel. That institution, in the last fifteen years, has received more than \$600,000 from the churches in Massachusetts, to aid in carrying on its great work. And it is believed that the reaction of these benevolent labors for the good of others has been incalculably useful in keeping in exercise and alive the spiritual life of the churches, in accordance with the Divine promise, "The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

EPISCOPAL.

"The Free Church of England" is an organization recently formed in that country of those Evangelicals who are too much opposed to Ritualism and its works to have any fellow-ship with a body like the Church of England, which recognizes and protects it. *The Magazine of the Free Church of England* states that the body consists mainly of Episcopalians who, "while recognizing the value of an episcopal organization, regard it not as a divine ordinance of God, but as a convenient custom of the primitive age, in harmony with apostolic sanction." The Free Church does not, of course, recognize the doctrine of Apostolic Succession; but contends that a bishop should be "elected by the suffrages of his fellow presbyters and their Christian congregations." It has also a convocation, which is purely a deliberative representative assembly, composed partly of the clergy and partly of the laity, the latter largely preponderating. More than \$75,000 have already been expended in establishing Protestant services in parishes where Ritualism prevails, and to which the Free Church "can go with a revised Prayer-book from which the priestly element, with its deadly heresies, is cast out, conduct Protestant services, and preach the glorious Gospel of the grace of God."—*Independent*.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The expulsion of the Jesuits from Germany gives rise to some uneasiness in England, lest they may settle in that country. There is a law on the British statute-book, enacted forty-three years ago, prohibiting the members of the Order of Jesus, and also the monastic orders, from settling in Great Britain. Sir Robert Peel enquired of Mr. Gladstone the other day, in Parliament, whether that law was to be applied or repealed. Mr. Gladstone answered that the law had so long been a dead letter that he need be in no great hurry to answer that question. Still, he admitted that the subject was "of a grave and serious character." Inasmuch as many of the religious brotherhoods and sisterhoods of the Ritualists differ but slightly from the monastic orders of the Roman Catholics, it is not likely that Parliament will undertake the enforcement of the law against the latter.

The Farm and Garden.

WORK FOR SEPTEMBER.—September has its work to do, and is as important to our interests as any of the other months. Its aspects may not be altogether so attractive as those of some of its sisters, but to the observing eye, it has charms that are not easily forgotten, because peculiar. The garden still presents some valued flowers,—

And on the hill the golden rod, the aster in the wood,
still glow in the sunlight and gladden the way of the traveler.

In the field, there is the Indian corn, still beautiful, though its foliage is in

"The sear and yellow leaf."

Here and there the dried husks have parted from the ear, showing the rich, golden grain, glimmering in the bright sunlight. Or it, in anticipation of "killing frost," it has been cut up at its roots, now stands in stately shocks all over the field, reminding one of the encampment of an army, or of the more peaceful objects of a "camp-meeting" ground.

The wholesome, and almost indispensable potato, still lies in its native bed, the rounded hills and decayed tops only indicating the precious harvest underneath; or, scattered over the fields, the husbandman in his white sleeves may be gathering them up for winter use.

And the September fruits. What an object of admiration would be a full-grown tree loaded with the "Williams' Early Red," if seen for the first time! Or the Red-streaked "River," or the deeper red of the "Baldwin." Then there is the "Gravenstein," the "Orange Sweet," the "Garden Royal," and a great variety of others, with their ripening fruit gleaming in the sun. These possess various merits. Some of them retain their good qualities for a week or a month only, while the "Baldwin" will remain crisp and sound for a twelve-month, and the "Hunt Russet" we have seen in excellent eating condition at the end of two years! There is, also, no end to the diversity of flavor which they possess, so that, altogether, the apple stands pre-eminently above any other single fruit.

But the peaches, and plums, and grapes, and pears, are not to be forgotten.

So the sea-son change in their aspects as they move along in their grand march, and always presenting objects worthy of study and admiration. He who would

live long, must observe them constantly and minutely. This will so fill the mind with delightful objects and associations, that it will enjoy a more real, satisfactory life in a dozen years, than the dull and plodding one will in twice that number. To live long, therefore, we must notice peculiarities about us; and to pass a short, monotonous life, be indifferent to them all.—*N. E. Farmer*.

USEFUL RECIPES.—*Jellies of Strawberries and Blackberries.*—Bruise the fruit, put in a thin cloth, and allow to strain over night. Next morning add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice, boil twenty minutes.

Grape Jelly.—Bruise and boil the fruit, then strain; add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice, then boil from ten to twenty minutes.

Fig Jelly.—Wash, and add water sufficient to cover the fruit, boil twenty minutes; strain, then add sugar and boil as above.

Wild Crab Apple.—Cover the fruit with water, and boil until soft, then strain; add one pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil from fifteen to twenty minutes.

Siberian Crab Apple.—Proceed as far as preceding, but add only one half pound of sugar to each pint.

Haw.—Cover with water, boil until soft, mash strain, and add half a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

Sloe Jelly.—Mash, boil, strain; half pound of sugar to pint of juice.

Plum.—Mash, boil, strain, as above.

Peach Jelly.—Wash, without removing skins or pits; cover with water, boil until soft, strain, add half a pound of sugar to pint of juice; boil twenty minutes.

Canned Fruits.—Make syrup with sugar and water, averaging a quarter of a pound of sugar to each pint of juice; boil the fruit until done, fill the jars boiling hot, seal up immediately. Keep jars warm before filling with the fruit.

Sweet Pickles.—Twelve pounds of fruit, six pounds of sugar, and a quart of cider vinegar, cloves and cinnamon. Let the fruit boil in above until soft; take out, put carefully on a dish, let the syrup boil down, then put on fruit again, and boil a few minutes; fill jars and seal with tissue paper dipped in white of egg.

Plum Preserve.—Plums are equally good done in molasses and sugar. If sugar is used, take an equal quantity fruit and sugar. Make a clear syrup, and boil the plums gently forty minutes. They will require heating over once if to be kept. Beech plums are very excellent prepared in this way, as well as for pies.—*Exchange*.

Marble Cake.—White.—One cup of butter, three cups of white sugar, four cups of flour, one half cup of sour milk, a little soda, and the whites of nine eggs. Flavor with lemon.

Dark.—One cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, five cups of flour, yolks of nine eggs, one whole egg, and spices of all sorts.

Put in pans, first a layer of dark, then one of white, and so on, finishing with a layer of dark. Bake in a moderate oven.—*Household*.

Obituaries.

MILTON HOWE was born in Deerfield, N. H., June 15, 1809; was converted in the same place, under the ministry of Rev. B. Otheman, in 1829; married Charlotte Ham, of Rochester, N. H., June 25, 1832; and died in East Boston (being a member of Saratoga Street Church), June 8, 1872.

When the Methodists here were few and feeble, he was their first class-leader. During a nine years' residence in Lowell he led two classes. For many years his piety was joyous and enthusiastic, but subsequently he fell into deep despondency. For years his head was bowed among his brethren; but they could assign no reason, except that his conscientiousness had become morbid. His last sickness continued eight weeks; the issue, no doubt, was settled and hastened by his keen mental distress. But during the last week the man of sorrow reached the verge of heaven. He received the Lord's Supper the Sunday before his death. At length he could not speak plainly; but it is believed that his last words were, "Hallelujah! hallelujah!"

He read much, and could concentrate his thoughts. His unostentatious benevolence is shown in the fact (discovered after his death) that during the last six months of his life he gave two hundred dollars to benevolent institutions. His wife, who lived with him forty years, never once knew him to speak evil of an absent person. Of his six children, one died in early childhood. All the others were converted during his life. One, John Milton, who in 1857, at the age of 24, was lost at sea, was preparing for the Christian ministry. Brother Howe was universally respected for his firm character, and will be long remembered.

East Boston, September, 1872.

Mrs. THANKFUL WILLARD departed this life in Lynn, Mass., Aug. 6, aged 84 years. She was the widow of Rev. Elijah Willard, of the New England Conference, and one of the pioneers of New England Methodism. Sister Willard was one of the ten sisters of the Gross family in Wellfleet, six of whom preceded her to the better country, leaving but three in the contracted circle, with one brother. She had the distinguishing characteristics of the family. During a great part of her married life she shared with her husband in the toils and sacrifices, as well as the joys of the Methodist itinerancy; such toils and sacrifices as the present generation of Methodists know only by history. She bore them not only uncomplainingly, but cheerfully. Possessing a remarkably happy, pacific disposition, supplemented by Divine grace, she went on her way, among the hills and valleys and lakes of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, singing,—

"At Jesus' call we gave up our all,
And still we forego,
For Jesus' sake, our enjoyments below."

Since Brother Willard's death, in 1852, she has been living most of the time in Lynn, with her children—five having died before her, and five survive her. She remained bright in bodily and mental health until she attained 76 years of age; since then, there has been a growing failure. Towards the latter part of her life she had a shock, or fit, and a severe fall,

from which she never fully recovered. Her last sickness was short. Just before she bade the grim messenger welcome, her reason resumed its wonted exercise; and amidst her happy contemplations she exclaimed, "I am going to join my husband."

Sister Willard was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Wellfleet when 17 years old, under the ministry of Rev. Samuel Thompson. From that event until life closed (a period of sixty-seven years), her faith never did forsake its hold; nor did her hope decline, or her love grow cold—her Christian profession being uniformly sustained by an upright, happy life, and godly conversation, as also by a delighted interest in all the means of grace. She was endeared to her relations and acquaintance, and greatly beloved by her children, to whom she has left a legacy far richer than silver or gold—an example of holiness in life, and happiness in death. May they be prepared to meet her on those shores which, once reached, the pain of separation shall cease, and "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain" be the everlasting song.

Duxbury, Sept. 5, 1872.

B. OTHEMAN.

Mrs. HARRIET HAZARD, wife of Jeremiah Hazard, died in Newport, Aug. 19, aged 74 years.

The deceased was among the precious fruits of a remarkable work of grace, under the labors of Rev. Samuel Norris, forty-four years ago. She remained faithful to her early choice amid all the vicissitudes and trials of Methodism in this city. When its friends were fewest, she was unfaltering in her devotion to its interests, and untiring in her labors for its promotion. At a period when sacrifices were demanded, she willingly made them. The hospitality of her home is gratefully remembered by the fathers in the ministry. In her later years all health interrupted her labors, and hindered her association with the Church. But the same strength of character which was apparent in her active life, was now shown in her patient suffering and her quiet waiting. Her last days, though saddened by affliction, were filled with peace, and bright with hope. She rests from her labors, and her works do follow her.

D. P. L.

MARTHA HUTCHINS was born in Hampstead, N. H., Nov. 7, 1808. She was married to Nathaniel Brown, and moved to Derry, N. H., in 1832. During a revival, a few years after, she gave her heart to Jesus, and became like Him. The three surviving members of the class of seventeen, which often met in her house, bear spontaneous testimony to her helpful, cheerful, and constant piety. Grace made her heart sympathetic, and made her a light and comfort in the sick chamber of her neighbors, the skillful mistress in the house of mourning, the loved centre of her home, and of a wide circle of friends, young and old. Those who knew her best, say she was always cheerful. She had years of sore trial, but only her nearest friends knew it. She was constant at class-meeting and prayer-meeting until the last year of her life, when she reluctantly yielded to the weakness of consumption, and was missed from the house of God. Her end came unexpectedly to herself and friends on the night of August 24; but those who knew her life are sure she is at rest. Among the mourners are a son and daughter, the latter, wife of Rev. T. Tyrie of the New Hampshire Conference.

A. E. HIGGINS.

Mrs. HANNAH HIGGINS, wife of James A. Higgins, of Hinsdale, N. H., died of typhoid fever, Aug. 25, aged 56 years and 4 months.

Sister Higgins was converted early in life, and joined the Christian Church, where she was an active member for a short time, when she changed her relation and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she has been a faithful and loving member for about twenty years. In her family, as a mother and wife, she was affectionate and devoted to its best interests; in the Church, and among her acquaintances, her life was such as to endear her to all who knew her. As a sufferer, she was patient and resigned; while she expressed strong evidence of a glorious immortality. The comfort derived from such a life and death is so engendered in the sorrows of bereavement as to assuage the grief of those who are so sadly afflicted.

H. B.

Died, in Lincoln, Me., Aug. 31, 1872, **Mrs. NANCY M. ESTES**, aged 59 years, wife of Mr. John Estes, daughter of Rev. Philip Ayer, of blessed memory, and sister of Rev. R. J. Ayer, of Maine Conference.

Sister Estes was consecrated to God by baptism in infancy, and from early life was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was ever deeply interested in the prosperity of the Church, and labored unweariedly for its advancement by being disinterested as to self, while God and the spiritual good of humanity enlisted her attention. By her death a husband has been bereft of a true wife, children of an affectionate and faithful mother, and the Church of one that had power with God—for she walked with Him—and power for good with those with whom she had to do. Her life exemplified the fact that a person can love God with all the heart, being fully consecrated, time, talent, and all possessed, and yet attend to temporalities faithfully, enjoying all as God-given.

Sister Estes is not dead, but liveth. The dawn of an existence crowned with glory, honor, and immortality has opened to her vision.

C. E. LIBBY.

"The Beloved Physician."—The death of our late friend and Christian brother, Dr. NELSON CARPENTER, of Warren, deserves something more than a passing notice.

This estimable man lived to be threescore and ten. His life was one of intense activity, filled with a prodigious amount of professional service, and well rounded up; and though his death was unexpected and painfully sudden to his weeping wife and the weeping community, still, like Cato of old, he seemed to be "glad of an opportunity to die."

He was a benevolent man. And the church edifice in that goodly village, to which he largely contributed, is a standing memorial of his Christian generosity. "With him," said Elder Sherman, at his funeral, "it was literally more blessed to give than to receive." The brother was a modest man. He took rank among the most practical and successful family physicians; and yet his professional skill was always more highly valued by others than by himself. A sincere man. Perfectly transparent. You might see the motions of his heart, whether pleased or displeased, in every turn, in every action. An independent man. In the early days of reform (though a Democrat), whether reform pertained to anti-slavery, anti-temper, or anti-tobacco, he was prompt to define his position, and to place himself where "the blows fell thick and fast," and abide the consequences. A man of religious principle, through sunshine and storm. Though by the force of an impulsive temperament he sometimes manifested the infirmities rather peculiar to men of the sanguine order, we all were disposed to cheerfully say, "He means right, and is right in heart and soul."

He rode day and night over that beautiful hilly town forty years, healing the sick, and administering comfort to the dying; and a large amount of this toilsome practice was performed irrespective of pecuniary compensation. He maintained that when he doctored the poor, that "God was his paymaster." The rich and the poor, the young and the old, gathered about his tier in the church. We all felt that we had lost a friend; and tears on the occasion were more eloquent than our words.

The doctor leaves a weeping wife and children, upon whom he sweetly bestowed his dying benedictions. Many of his words, even in the terrible agonies of death, were consoling and heavenly. He said, "All is well; Christ is with me, and the gate of heaven is open, and all is calm and inviting there." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Fitchburg, September.

GEO. TRASK.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Quarterly Meeting,	Sept. 15
Rockland District Association, at Rockland,	Sept. 16-18
Boston University: School of Theology opens	Sept. 11
" " College of Music opens	Sept. 16
" " School of Law opens	Oct. 2
Quarterly Meeting New England Education Society, Wesleyan Association Building,	Sept. 25
Dedication at Spencer, Mass.,	Sept. 26
Gardiner District Ministerial Association, at Bridgton, Me.,	Oct. 2-7
Portland District Ministers' Association, at Cape Elizabeth Ferry,	Oct. 3-11
Providence District Ministerial Association, at Phoenix,	Oct. 15-18
Norwich District Ministerial Association, at Wilmamantic (for programme, see HERALD of July 18),	Oct. 20-28

The Secular World.

LATEST NEWS.

The award of the board of arbitrators in the case of the Alabama claims has been officially announced, and the sum to be received by our government is \$15,500,000 in gold. Damages were granted in the cases of the Alabama, the Florida and the Shenandoah, and all other cases were dismissed. Sir Alexander Cockburn agrees with his colleagues only in the case of the Alabama, and has not signed the decision. The final session of the court was held on the 14th inst., with open doors, and upon its adjournment a salute was fired in honor of the closing of its labors. A despatch from Geneva gives the full text of the awards as enumerated in the decision.

The new Spanish Cortes was opened on the 15th inst. The King promised that the reforms in Cuba would be carried into effect as soon as the revolution was over. A deficit in the budget was announced, and the Cortes called upon to provide means for meeting it.

President Thiers arrived in Havre on the 14th inst., and met with a cordial reception on the part of the people. In the afternoon he visited the United States steamer Shenandoah.

A serious political riot occurred in Pittsburgh, Pa., on Saturday night.

A revolution against President Morales has broken out in Bolivia.

The funeral services of the Right Rev. Manton Eastburn, Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Massachusetts, were held in Trinity Church at noon on the 14th inst. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Bishop Neely, of Maine, Bishop Bissell, of Vermont, Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island, the Rev. Messrs. Tiffany, and T. W. Snow. The church was crowded.

Father Gavazzi, the famous Italian patriot, preached in Bromfield Street and Tremont Street Methodist Episcopal Churches on Sunday. He was accompanied by Rev. Dr. J. B. Thompson, who also addressed the audiences. Father Gavazzi's sermon was on "Justification by Faith," and this eminently Protestant doctrine he preached with great fervor and eloquence. On Monday he aroused a wonderful enthusiasm in behalf of the Free Church of Italy, in the Preachers' Meeting in Wesleyan Hall. He has a fine presence; his whole form is alive with animation while he speaks; his dramatic gestures, his shrugs, his mobile countenance, reminding one in its constant changes of Father Taylor—all serve to interpret his thoughts more plainly than his English with its Italian pronunciation and accent. He is a man of singular eloquence and magnetic power, raised up by God for the present exigency. Dr. Newhall followed Gavazzi, and gave very interesting personal details of his interviews with the members of the Free Church in Italy—of the simplicity and sincerity of their worship, and of their hunger for the Bible. He thought missionary money would be more wisely bestowed upon Italy through this native

Church, at the present, than through a foreign organization. His views will be presented to our readers hereafter at length.

The *Independent* of last week has an interesting and eloquent letter from Father Hyacinthe, presenting in a manly and Christian way the reasons influencing him in yielding his monastic and priestly vows, and uniting himself in marriage. The Catholic papers are naturally very bitter and sarcastic, attributing his whole protest against the innovations of the Pope upon "Old Catholicism" to a desire to gratify fleshly appetites. His letter is a simple, dignified, and impressive response to such a charge. Of the lady he has married, *The Independent* says:—"The lady whom Father Hyacinthe has married is Mrs. Emilie J. Merimam, an American widow, of high cultivation and of excellent family. She was a member of Mr. Beecher's church, but became a convert to Catholicism some five years ago, under the preaching of Father Hyacinthe, at Paris. The sermon which he preached on the occasion of her joining the Catholic communion is printed in his volume of 'Discourses.' She has been for a year in Rome, engaged in establishing a school of high grade for girls, and has been an enthusiastic supporter of the Old Catholic movement."

Mr. Charles W. Raisbeck, died of enlargement of the heart, in Watertown, on Sunday, aged 43. Mr. Raisbeck was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, brother-in-law of J. P. Magee, esq., and for the past eight years connected with the Book Room in Boston. He was a gentleman of artistic tastes, and of considerable proficiency in antiquarian studies and heraldry. He leaves a family.

Messrs. J. A. Jackson & Co., Hatters, Tremont Street, Boston, enjoy an enviable reputation as a business firm, earned by a willingness and ability to meet the wants of all classes of customers. We can confidently recommend them to our clerical friends, students, and all others who need covering for the head.

At the first Methodist Episcopal Church, Haverhill, during last month, five have been baptized, three received by letter, three forward for prayers. Services at the church only two Sabbaths in the month. May new forms and faces be seen at the Lord's table at each recurring communion season.

Rev. Henry Mathews, late pastor of the Primitive Methodist Church in Lowell, was received into the Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Central Church, Lowell, last Saturday, and will preach at Groveland under the Presiding Elder. He preached a very able sermon in the Central Church last Sabbath.

Rev. Thomas Guard, pastor of the new Mount Vernon Church, Baltimore, telegraphs from Southampton, England, on the 5th inst. of his arrival with his family from Africa. He was to sail direct for Baltimore on the 14th inst., in one of the steamers of the German line. The Mount Vernon Church is rapidly approaching completion, and will be dedicated early in October.

Rev. Benjamin W. Dwight, LL. D., of Clinton, N. Y., is to be editor of *The Interior*, Chicago. He is the author of several Philological treatises, besides being well known as a magazine writer. We welcome Dr. Dwight to the future city of the United States, and wish him no better success than to make *The Interior* the religious paper of the future Chicago.—*Pulpit*.

Dr. J. H. Vincent, editor of our Sunday-school publications, returned safe and well on Sunday morning, 8th inst. from his transatlantic trip, and was warmly greeted.

Bishop Haven, who has the Italian Mission under his charge, intends to press forward the work. He has selected already a member of a Western conference for the field, and has his eye upon a third man to go to the help of Dr. Vernon.

The *Advertiser* had a very appreciative article last week in its columns upon the new School of Music, connected with the Boston University. It is evidently a step forward in professional education in this country, and offers a peculiarly favorable opportunity for advanced scholars in this delightful art to perfect their preliminary studies on this side of the Atlantic. The *Advertiser* says:—

"The establishment of a College of Music as one of the departments of the Boston University, is an important and noteworthy step toward a higher and more thorough culture of music in this country. When the aim and character of this institution become fully known, the public will not fail to recognize the wisdom that has led to the foundation of a College of Music, as worthy of the enlightened spirit of the times, and prompted by a just appreciation of the claims of music to a place in a liberal education. By including it in the curriculum of university studies, we witness a striking example of the wide range which the modern university must take if it would serve the highest interests of education.

"A doubt seems to have existed in this country as to the value of the higher study of the science of music, inasmuch as until now, not one full professorship of music has been established in any leading American college. In Europe music has been thought worthy of high honor, and intelligent and liberal patronage has been bestowed upon the profession, as the numerous royal establishments of sacred and secular music testify, and it has held a high position for centuries in the principal universities. In England the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music were conferred as early as the 16th century by the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. A professorship of music was established at Oxford in 1626, and at Cambridge in 1684. Henceforth the student of music need not make an expensive journey abroad in order to complete his musical education. Here he will be able to pursue as thorough a course of study of the practical and theoretical branches of the art as in Europe. The price of tuition will be comparatively low, as liberal endowments enable the Boston University to provide for its various departments. There are to be nine departments of the university, of which the schools of law, theology, and music are already organized. The aim of the College of Music will be far higher than that of the Conservatory of Music, for while the latter serves to give practical instruction in vocal and instrumental music, and the elements of the theory of music, but little attention is given to the more advanced branches. Moreover, the examination for entrance into American and foreign conservatories is, with but very few exceptions, merely a nominal one; the support and success of these establishments depending almost entirely upon their fees, they cannot afford to make a choice of pupils.

"By the prospectus of the College of Music we observe that the standard of admission is high. The requirements are, a good degree of skill as a performer or singer, a thorough knowledge of the elementary principles of music, including the subject of rhythm, dynamics, the tonal system, transposition of the scales, etc., and sufficient knowledge of harmony to harmonize well a common choral in four parts. No person can be admitted who has not received a thorough course of instruction in these branches.

A YEAR'S WORK.—We know of no words which will convey to persons residing outside of Chicago an idea of what has been done in the way of rebuilding the city than to say that, beginning on April 15, 1872, and ending December 1, 1872, excluding Sundays, counting 200 working days, and each day of eight hours, there will be completed one brick, stone or iron building, 25 feet front, and from four to six stories high, for each hour of that time. In other words, the buildings of that size and character completed, and that will be completed by December 1, will average one for each 60 minutes of 200 days of eight hours each.

This estimate, which will fall below the actual fact, does not include the many

stone, brick, iron and wooden buildings built outside of the burned district, and which alone equal the ordinary new buildings put up in Chicago annually. There is no precedent in the world's history of such a growth; no precedent for such energy and bravery by a people who, within the year, had seen \$200,000,000 of their property destroyed by fire. The statement will sound extraordinary that, for seven months in 1872,—beginning the first day the frost was out of the ground,—there was built and completed in the burned district of Chicago a brick, stone or iron warehouse every hour of each working day in that time.

The extraordinary achievement in rebuilding Chicago is not confined to the number of new buildings, but applies equally to their size and their superiority in construction and materials. It will strike those familiar with Chicago before the fire that, while four stories was the general height of business blocks at that time, the present buildings, as a general thing, are at least one story higher, thus adding one fifth to the warehouse capacity. While the brick structures still bear a large proportion to the whole number of new edifices, the proportion of stone fronts has largely increased,—that material superseding, in many cases, the iron fronts. Another peculiarity of the new buildings is the greatly-increased number of double and treble stores; that is, stores having 50 and 75 feet, and, in many cases, 100 feet front.

"BILIOUS."

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, despondent, have frequent headache, mouth tastes badly in morning, irregular appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from *Torpid Liver* or "*Biliousness*." As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal, as it effects perfect cures, leaving the liver strengthened and healthy. Sold by all first-class druggists. 592.

SAFETY LAMPS.—Whitney and Tappan, No 15, Winter St., are Manufacturers Agents for Perkins and Houses Safety Lamps. Don't use an unsafe lamp in your house another day.

Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases, by the editor of Hall's *Journal of Health*, has reached its twelfth edition, and *Health by Good Living* its eighteenth. Each book, \$1.50, P. O. Address, Box 2872, New York.

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The pamphlet will do good wherever it is circulated. It gives the best advice to young men. It gives a valuable recipe for making an excellent medicine for all Bilious and Nervous diseases, and a purifier of the blood; valuable in all female complaints. This recipe is the result of years of toil and study. Send a three cent postage stamp, and a pamphlet will be sent by mail, post-paid.

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Business Notices.

A PERFECTLY reliable, pure Vegetable Tonic for the permanent cure of dyspepsia, acidity of the stomach, vertigo, languor, loss of spirits, and for encouraging sleep and appetite, is Atwood's QUININE TONIC BITTERS.

Indigestion is greatly relieved, often permanently cured, by Williams' Jamaica Ginger.

